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We need your help. Write:

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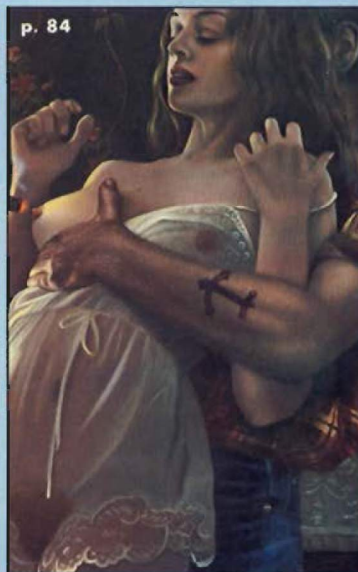
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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



Express Yourself

One thing about this business that always encourages me is the different kind of letters I get. For instance, when a year and a half ago I announced that I'd been through a spiritual experience, some of our readers were downright scandalized by the news. They couldn't understand it, and they wrote to tell me so. Still others were truly delighted and sent letters to tell me of their joy.

A few months later, when I was shot in Lawrenceville, Georgia, many of our readers wrote to express their shock and sympathy. Others, of course, sent letters expressing sympathy for the gunman. They were sore that he hadn't *killed* me.

I enjoy getting any letter that proves that the writer is still *thinking* and *feeling*—no matter what the opinion. What worries me is that those of us who can still think and feel seem to be the minority today. Modern America is trying to neutralize its people. We are deodorized, sanitized and too-easily rendered bland and impotent by our politicians, religious leaders and merchants.

We retreat into a private world of alcohol and drugs so that we don't *have* to feel, and those brain cells that haven't been destroyed

by television are easily drowned in the noise of bars and discos. We're told we shouldn't smell, shouldn't fart, shouldn't have bad breath and shouldn't get too excited—and so we don't. We neutralize ourselves—physically, emotionally and mentally.

But the problem is that a neutral people is a nonpeople. Remember when this country used to be described as a "melting pot"? That phrase was used to depict a republic which was a proud composite of every racial and national group on the planet. But if the neutralization of this melting pot continues at its present rate, soon we won't be able to tell one ingredient from another. We'll all be the same, and we'll all be a little less human as a result.

Let's face it—we can't expect our politicians to respect our right to express ourselves if we don't bother with it ourselves. Stand up for your First Amendment rights and let your voice and individuality be heard. Don't let them neutralize you.

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March is the month when brisk spring winds break winter's stranglehold and clear the air. It's a time for starting out fresh—a good description of the way *Rocky* star SYLVESTER STALLONE has cleaned up his act in the past couple of years. One reason *Rocky* was such a hit was that the main character was no suave Hollywood disco dude; he was just an average guy. That's the way Stallone is too. A few years ago Stallone was a guy down on his luck, so he took a leading role in a porn flick. Originally entitled *Party at Kitty and Studs*, the film has been rereleased as *The Italian Stallion*. Our preview of Stallone as the Stallion should prove that when the going gets tough, the tough keep going.

Meanwhile, the U.S. Supreme Court could use a good spring housecleaning. Unfortunately, it probably won't happen. Due to the crippling effects of Richard Nixon's appointees, the nation's highest tribunal continues to stem the freedom of choice and the individual rights of American citizens. It takes a skillful mechanic to stop this legal steamroller from flattening out our rights altogether, and attorney STANLEY FLEISHMAN has the skills required. In *SEX AND THE U.S. SUPREME COURT*, Fleishman presents a historical overview of the Court's recent decisions concerning Constitutional rights, and suggests that religious beliefs too often affect critical judgments—in clear defiance of the separation of church and state. As this nation's foremost Constitutional lawyer, Fleishman has argued 12 First Amendment cases before the Supreme Court, and helped to establish the "socially redeeming value" standard as applied to works that may be "obscene." We're proud to welcome him to our pages. The art was provided by KEITH BATCHELLER.

One person who's been caught up by



the winds of change is *THE BADDEST DUDE IN THE WORLD*, a former street-fighter from the Los Angeles *barrio* named BENNY URQUIDEZ. A born-again Christian and the World Lightweight Full-Contact Karate Champion, Urquidez spends much of his time working with young people. His success story is chronicled by *HUSTLER* Associate Editor STUART GOLDMAN, who studied karate with Urquidez and took his own share of bumps and bruises. "Inside the ring, Benny's got the most formidable killer instinct I've ever seen," says Goldman. "But if you met him on the street, you'd never know he was a fighter. He's soft-spoken and seems gentle as a lamb."

Learning self-defense would be a healthy spring exercise for all of us. But the year-round training of alien shock-troops at the American taxpayers' expense is nothing short of *sick*. Yet that's exactly what this country's war colleges and military academies are doing. Each year they graduate new battalions of future fascists for the repressed nations of the world. The is the focus of DANIEL KAGAN's article *COLD WAR*

COLONIALISM: U.S. SCHOOLS FOR DICTATORS. In his article Kagan, a book editor and onetime publisher of his own magazine, points out the paradox of President Jimmy Carter's condemnation of countries he has cited for violations of human rights in light of the fact that many of the men responsible for such repression were trained in U.S. schools. *HUSTLER* regular BOB GLEASON rendered the accompanying caricature.

CHARLES BUKOWSKI's spring offering is a chilling fiction tale centered around the class struggle in this country. *BREAK-IN* reflects the anger and frustration of the "have-nots" versus the "haves," as two burglars stumble into the bedroom of a TV personality and his wife. DAN KIRK returns to the pages of *HUSTLER* with his fine illustration of this piece.

It's about time for some brisk spring winds to blow a little common sense into the heads of the bluenoses who continually put down prostitutes. We believe that women who sell their bodies for sex provide a much-needed service in our sexually repressed society. This month's cover girl portrays a hooker, who shows it like it is, while *HUSTLER* Senior Editor MICHAEL STOTT tells it like it is in this month's *Sex Play HOW TO REALLY PICK UP A HOOKER*. And lest we be accused of male chauvinism, take a peek at *MALE FOR SALE*, a pictorial documentary of a much-ignored phenomenon—the male prostitute who services grateful female clients.

Some things never change—whatever the season—and one of them is cartoonist DWAIN B. TINSLEY, who's been servicing the laugh tracks of *HUSTLER* readers for years. In *SHITTY SUBJECTS*, Dwaine takes the lid off this nation's toilets and clearly reveals that there's more to life than news, weather and sports.

In like a cyclone and out like a Roto-Rooter—that's this month's *HUSTLER*. Enjoy! 🍷



Stanley Fleishman



Stuart Goldman



Charles Bukowski



Dan Kirk



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Dwaine Tinsley

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FEEDBACK

Beaverman Encore: Congratulations to you on your new policy. My old lady really likes the change. I enjoyed the *Beaverman* pictorial in January and would like to see more of his adventures. I especially liked the Oriental villainess, 'Comrade Nu Kee, with her shaved snatch.

—Name Withheld by Request
Naugatuck, Connecticut

The Truth Keeps Marching On: I want to tell you how much I admire your guts. It's refreshing to know about someone who is not trying to pull the wool over the people's eyes. I'm talking about your articles on the assassinations of John F. Kennedy, Robert Kennedy, Martin Luther King and Malcolm X. Those murders have been covered up for too long. Your decision to uncover the truth will lead to a difficult task. But hopefully you will continue to bring your readers the truth. Freedom is not free. It must be earned. Give us the truth and put the cards on the table—faceup. —Herbert L. Lipp, Jr.
Terre Haute, Indiana

You people are keeping your journalistic standards very high with the piece on the Robert Kennedy assassination (January). It is right in line with your other fine pieces on the political assassinations that have plagued this country for the past decade and a half. Keep up the good work and keep uncovering the facts for your readers.

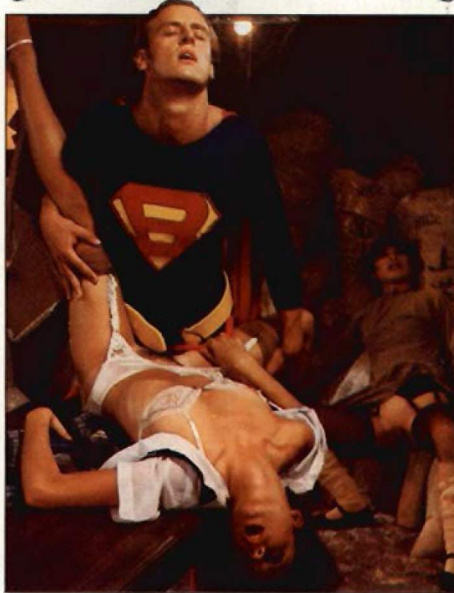
—Carla O'Brien
Two Harbors, Minnesota

Beaver Fever: Lorie Armbrust, in your January *Beaver Hunt*, is hot stuff! Thank you for helping make one of my dreams come true: to see Lorie nude. You see, I used to work with her in Southern California, and I must say she is a very fine person. I still dream of her, and I'd love to eat her for hours, anywhere, anytime. Lorie gets my vote, not only for being so foxy but also for being such a fine person. —Stephen Hutsler
Lompoc, California

I'm writing regarding your December 1978 *Beaver Hunt* section. The picture of Robert Chandler really turned me on. I never knew I would be turned on so by a photo of an older man. In fact, I never knew that I had a craving to see older men nude. Every time I look at the picture I get so sexually excited that I want my husband to make love to me immediately. I would like to see more photos of men over 50 years old, please. By the way, I'm 23.

—C. H.
Harrison, Arkansas

I have long been an admirer of your *Beaver Hunt* feature. This January I was really taken by one of your entrants. Never before have I seen a more delectable, innocent, soft-looking young lady than Tracy Thompson.



One look at her stirred an immediate super-erection, with the inevitable conclusion. Between those wonderful, sweet legs you can easily see her ample young labia just begging for attention. Tracy's photo is perfect, the epitome of young sexuality. She should be given our highest compliments for sharing with us her most intimate, feeling parts.

—Robert Johnson
Laramie, Wyoming

Children and Sex: The Sexual Freedom League of San Diego applauds your efforts to open a dialogue on taboo topics, such as the article *Erotic Art by Children* (October 1978). We also admire your perseverance in the face of incredible persecution.

—Jefferson Clitlick
San Diego, California

Thank you for publishing the excerpts from Dr. Erwin J. Haeberle's book *The Sex Atlas* in your December 1978 issue. It was fascinating to read such an educational and illuminating article on such a taboo subject, the sexuality of children. It just proves once again that HUSTLER is the only magazine with enough guts to print the truth.

—Name Withheld by Request
New Orleans, Louisiana

More Enemas: HUSTLER rates as one of the best adult magazines, with top-quality stories, articles, photos and illustrations. But your photos are a bit too tame for me. My preferences run more toward the kinkier side of sex. I'd like to commend you for the pictures accompanying your review of the film *Pretty Peaches* in your December 1978 issue. The photo of Desiree Cousteau expelling an enema was truly fantastic. I'd like to suggest feature articles containing similar pictures in future issues of HUSTLER.

—E. B.
Cockeysville, Maryland

Your wish is our command.

Tit Bit: I have always bought your magazine. I think it's great. And I've just bought HUSTLER REJECTS #2, and I want to say that Nicole was great. My wife also has small breasts. I think Nicole should have been in your regular magazine. She really turns me on. I think HUSTLER REJECTS #2 is a great publication.

—George Willkom
Bellflower, California

More Than Skin: I commend HUSTLER, the only adult magazine that my wife and I read, the only adult magazine seeking to educate Americans and the only adult magazine that is more than a skin rag. Keep up the good work, and I'm sure HUSTLER will be the magazine to put the other skin rags out of business with the truth and dignity that HUSTLER stands for.

—J. E. M.
Kaiserslautern, West Germany

Vintage Stuff: I started reading HUSTLER last May. I am now an avid fan. My addiction to your work is mostly because of your great satire and your articles, particularly the ones on political issues. Everything about HUSTLER is unique. Please keep up the great work. Like wine, you get better with age.

—Paul C. Duet
Avondale, Louisiana

Trash and Filth: I just picked up a copy of HUSTLER to see what a born-again publication was like. Right now it is in the garbage waiting for the garbageman to pick it up and take it away with the rest of the trash. What I saw was sickening enough to make me vomit. Born again, my eye! It's nothing but a lie, and it's stupid. When you start putting Christianity with filth, all I can say is God have mercy on your soul.

—A. S.
Indianapolis, Indiana

HUSTLER sees no contradiction between celebrating sex and believing in God. You might want to read next month's interview with the Reverend Dr. Ted McIlvanna, a Methodist minister who also heads the Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality.

Queer Policy: Here at the Pennsylvania State Correctional Institution at Huntingdon we are engaged in a legal battle. In federal district court we are challenging the institution's decision to ban HUSTLER from the prison.

We feel the prison administration is attempting to promote homosexuality among the inmate population by denying us publications that contain pictures and articles dealing with heterosexual relationships. Put that together with the fact that we are constantly given strip searches by the guards, and it clearly shows there is something wrong here. Let's face it: The average heterosexual man doesn't stand around watching another man take a shower and doesn't drool every time he conducts a search that includes a pat-down of the genitals or an inspection of the anal area.

I'd like to ask your readers to help us by writing to William B. Robinson, Commissioner of the Bureau of Corrections, Department of Justice, P.O. Box 598, Camp Hill, Pennsylvania 17011, and asking him why such publications are denied us.

—John Kimble, Jr.
Huntingdon, Pennsylvania

Abortive Views: I don't usually waste my valuable time on your publication since it belongs in a book-burning along with other unmentionables. However, your article *Abortion: Mercy or Murder?* (November 1978) and the comic section *Honey*, which aimed at letting the public decide what the imaginary woman should do about her pregnancy, made me decide to write.

Abortion is murder and cannot be tolerated for any reason. If a woman decides to abort an unborn child, then she must be

sterilized to prevent any further indiscretions against the unborn. The abortionist must be prosecuted legally, with capital punishment the result. Don't expect sympathy for those women who choose to kill their own unborn children. And you, Larry Flynt, calling yourself a born-again Christian while publishing this filth, will eventually awaken the Christians to your hypocrisy. White Power!

—Mary Carr
Grand Genie of Missouri
Knights of the Ku Klux Klan
Overland, Missouri

Since your magazine first came out I've picked up a copy now and then. And each time I've developed a knot in the pit of my stomach before I got through reading it. There is always something that offends me in some way or other. I mean, here I am looking for a turn-on from some photos of gorgeous dolls, and I turn the pages only to see castrated men.

And your November 1978 issue really did it! I can understand now why some vigilante took the law into his own hands and shot Larry Flynt. Anyone who can actually show aborted fetuses in a sex magazine has got to be sick. You deserve everything you get because it's the Lord's hand that does it. Sooner or later, people will realize what you are, and HUSTLER will go down the drain.

—R. D.
Elizabeth, New Jersey

Tax Gestapo: I hope the Gestapo—the Internal Revenue Service—hasn't audited you yet for Zbigniew Kindela's great piece *The Tax Rebels* (October 1978). We tax rebels want to thank HUSTLER for having the guts to print such material. The tax laws in this country were written so the middle-class worker would have to pay through the nose while the millionaires get off scot-free.

—Reverend A. S. Hatch
Seattle, Washington

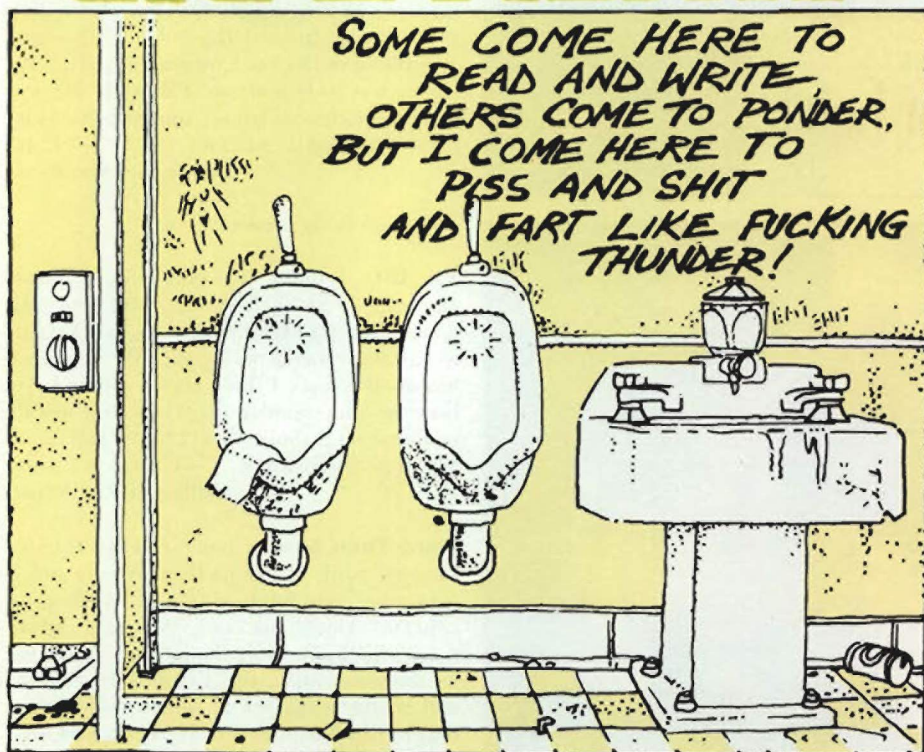
Liberated Lady: I am a 24-year-old married female. I agree with the other women who have commented on your magazine as not being degrading toward women. I am very outspoken when it comes to equality for women, and sometimes it's a very depressing fight. That's why I wish to thank you for such a wonderful representation of men and women. I love your style of capturing beautiful people in beautiful poses. Today more women are becoming sexually liberated, and I feel it is because of such wonderful people as Larry Flynt. We love you, Larry.

—Marlene Cross
San Diego, California

Castrating Comment: I agree with letter-writer Ralph Saville ("More Cunt," *Feedback*, December 1978). Please keep the dicks out. Just because some other magazines do it is no excuse. I have almost every issue of

(continued on page 20)

GRAFFITILTHY



THANK YOU TO : M. CARBERRY, TRINIDAD.

World News Roundup

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067

The 1978 Woody Hayes Male Chauvinist Pig of the Year award goes to Dr. Karl Juritza of Munich, West Germany. Dr. Juritza recently submitted a five-page document to the Munich city government in which he asserted that women are unsuited for most blue-collar work because their thumbs are short and clumsy. The doctor says that men should continue to be favored over women when it comes to training for such jobs as fitters, mechanics and electricians. Dr. Juritza's paper contends that women are an average of 10-percent smaller than men and, correspondingly, have smaller thumbs, making them less qualified to work with their hands.

Members of the Union of Social Democratic Women are complaining that this is the same old story they've been hearing for generations. In their opinion, men are once again trying to keep women under their oversized thumbs.

If you're feeling sexually drained, you might want to consider finding a job closer to home. A study conducted in New York City has found that increased sexual energy may be attributed to reduced commuting time. After city officials received complaints that more and more firms had moved their headquarters out of Manhattan and into the suburbs, a survey was conducted of 180 executives who had recently vacated the city. The men experienced "increased sexual vigor" and better all-round health, and--since they are closer to home--they often have time for "matinee sessions" with their wives.

American men who like their women in the traditional "hourglass" shape may want to think twice before traveling to England. According to a study conducted by Berlai, Britain's leading manufacturer of women's undergarments, British women are becoming more tube-shaped. After measuring the figures of more than 4,000 women, the firm has concluded that on the average British women are taller and have smaller breasts and hips today than 25 years ago.

Subsequently, Sears, Roebuck--another company with an interest in the female figure--made a similar study in the United States. Like their British counterparts, American women are taller and their breast size smaller than in the past. But the American woman's hips are getting wider.

The Berlai people offered no explanation for the changing measurements, but they did express displeasure at the new shape of British women. They look "rather like thickened broom handles."

While the debate continues as to whether or not TV is responsible for aggressive behavior, a new study suggests it may be turning viewers into dimwits. A University of Southern California research team recently put 250 gifted children in front of television sets for three weeks. The results: The children lost ground in all creative abilities except verbal skills.

And to top that, another study indicates that if TV-watching doesn't make you dumb, it might make you sick. After two U.S. Air Force pediatricians scrutinized a group of children who averaged more than six hours a day of television-viewing, they found that all the children suffered from appetite loss, chronic fatigue, headaches and vomiting. The symptoms disappeared two to three weeks after the kids were taken away from TV.

Looking for a hedge against inflation? How about putting your money into bull semen? With cattle farms exporting the stuff to as many as 40 different countries for artificial-insemination purposes, bull semen has become a booming business in the United States. Foreign countries are buying the semen in efforts to produce a stronger breed of cattle, and they're paying smartly for it too. One container of cattle cum--which lasts indefinitely when stored in liquid nitrogen--can be worth up to \$50,000. At those rates an investment in bull semen is as good as one in diamonds, rare art, gold or real estate. 🐄

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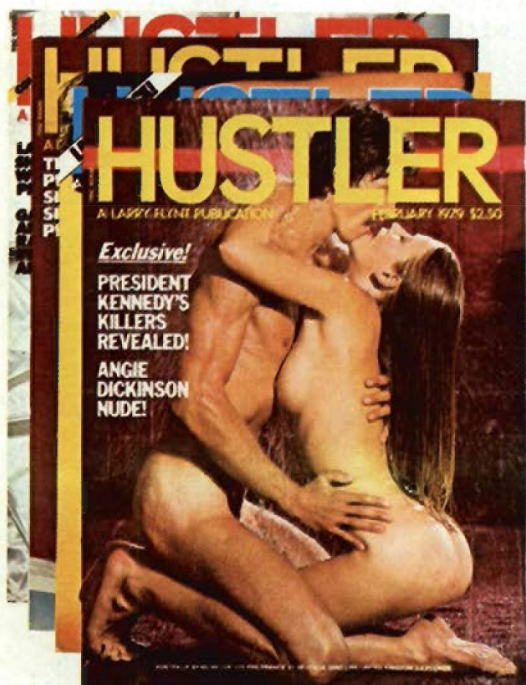


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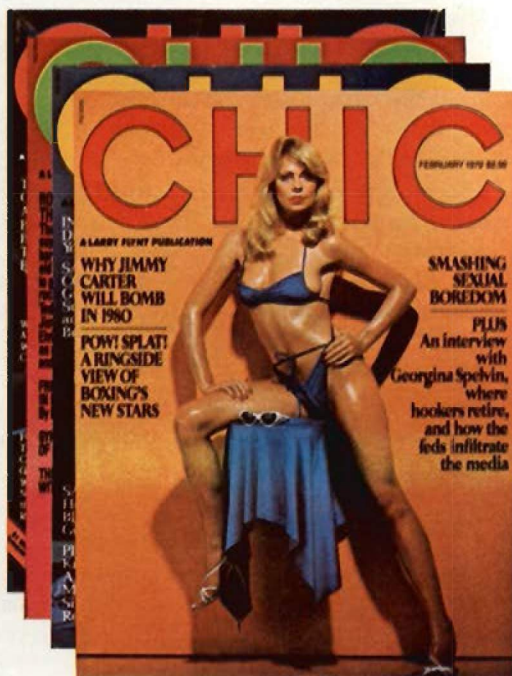


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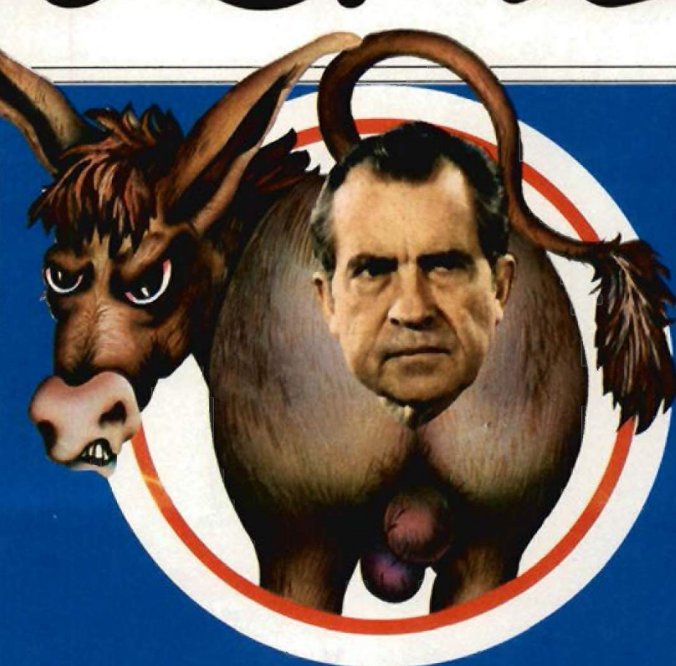
Bits & Pieces

Richard Milhous Nixon, our disgraced former president, is at it again. He's trying to make a comeback. This thief, who told the biggest lie of all when he said, "I am not a crook," tested the waters recently with personal appearances in France, England and Washington, D.C.

Of course, our naming Richard Nixon as Asshole of the Month is like saying that Gerald Ford shouldn't have pardoned him. It's obvious. But Nixon is such an asshole—of the most gaping caliber—that we've decided we can't resist awarding him this honor.

Lest we forget, let's take a look at some of the "highlights" of Nixon's career. This is the guy who first made a name for himself in politics by using the old "Commie scare" tactics against respectable political opponents. This is the man who masterminded the lawlessness of Watergate and then lied repeatedly about his involvement as boss of the infamous Nixon Gang.

This is the president who brought shady characters such as John Mitchell, Charles Colson, H. R. "Bob" Haldeman and John Erlichman into positions of public trust. And this is the "leader" whose repressive adminis-



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH Richard M. Nixon

tration led to a Supreme Court that has greatly jeopardized many of our individual liberties.

In 1962, after his defeat in the California gubernatorial race, Nixon made a statement to the press that we wish had been true: "You won't have Richard Nixon to kick around anymore." He was lying then, as usual.

Here are a couple of statements Nixon made during his visit to France: "I was not lying," he said

of the lies he told during his pathetic Watergate-era television appearances. "I said things that later on seemed to be untrue."

And: "It was a blunder. I take the responsibility for it, and I've paid the price."

Well, we feel Nixon didn't pay much of a price at all. While most of his cronies went to jail, he retired at the taxpayers' expense to a seaside estate in California. And he has

made a fortune through his TV appearances with David Frost and through his publishing activities. In addition, he has soaked the American taxpayer for the costs of both Secret Service protection and medical care.

Nixon has also announced plans to write a book on American politics. Remember, Adolf Hitler wrote *Mein Kampf* after one of his own "blunders." But Hitler was in prison at the time, as Nixon should be now.

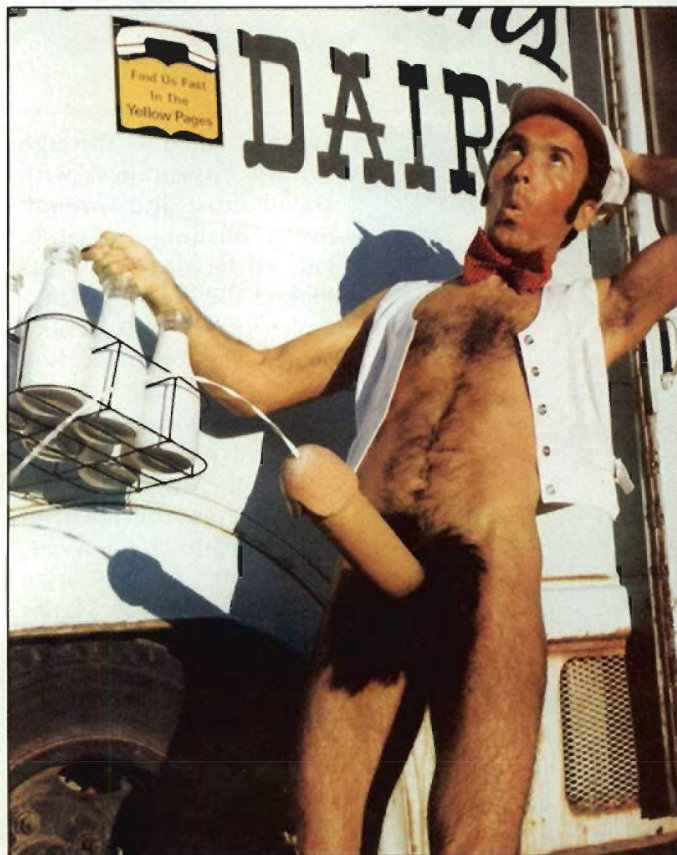
The main thing about Richard Nixon's desperate attempt to get back into the public eye is that we should not forget what a threat he poses to our basic American freedoms. He is an unconvicted felon, a political monster, a cunning thief, the creator of an "enemies list" and a strong opponent of First Amendment rights. We need Nixon back in public life like we need the clap.

Seeing this abysmal asshole back on television, lying to Frenchmen and Englishmen about his "innocence" during Watergate, was like having a recurring nightmare. In truth, Richard M. Nixon is very much like a vampire; not only is he a bloodsucker, but it seems that he won't lie still until someone drives a political stake through his corrupt heart. —Lee Quarnstrom

Cream of the Crop

You've seen pictures of Jerry Aibel before. He's the only guy in America trying to make a liv-

ing by submitting photographs of himself to *Bits & Pieces*. But Jerry has to do some moonlighting to make ends meet. "*Bits & Pieces* is a lot of fun," he tells us, "but I've decided to be serious about my promising new career as a milkman."



Suze News

HUSTLER's popular Contributing Photographer Suze Randall is a real pro. Recently she had a baby girl, named Holly.

But nothing can keep Suze out of the studio, photographing beavers. Here Holly makes her HUSTLER debut. Mom's newly swollen tits are debuting also. A real showoff, Holly milked this shot for all it's worth.



Lusty License

Grits and gropes go hand in hand in Wellford, South

Carolina, where W. D. Pearson sports this license plate on his car. Pearson spends most of his time driving around Wellford looking for a lady with plates reading ME TOO.

Raw Rah!

Ever have the urge to have a sexy cheerleader of your very own? The Cheerleader Trap, demonstrated here, is guaran-

teed to corral cheerleaders, pom-pom girls and majorettes. Cheerleaders find the cones irresistible. Just place a few traps around your house and sit back. Maybe you'll even snatch a Dallas Cowgirl.





The gang of crazed cartoonists we've gathered from the prankster-lunatic fringe is at it again. **HUSTLER HUMOR**'s latest issue is out, and it's brimming over with much more madness than ever. **HUSTLER** only has so much room for cartoons each month. But **HUSTLER HUMOR** gives us a chance to share with you whacko weirdness you've never seen before—drawn by our stable of talented (if zany) cartoonists. It's available on your newsstand, at \$1.95 per copy.

Who Is This Negro?



Why, it's J. B. Stoner, the asshole who used the word *nigger* on commercials in his race for governor of Georgia last fall. Some people complained, noting that George Carlin's record *Occupation: Foole* mentions seven so-called "dirty words" that can't be used on radio or TV. Then Julian Bond, a black Georgia state senator, said *nigger* should be included in broadcasting's list of proscribed words—*tits, fuck, shit, piss, motherfucker, cunt* and *cocksucker*. Well, Mr. Bond, we think *all* censorship should be eliminated. If shitheads like Stoner want to say *nigger*, they should have that right. And anybody else should have the right to say *anything* he wants on radio and TV. In this photo J. B. shows us his true colors.



Who's Nuts?

Is that little doll a piece of presidential memorabilia? Or does someone know something

none of the rest of us knows? One ex-President was known as Tricky Dick. Maybe the present chief executive should be called Peanut Penis.

Sexy Satin

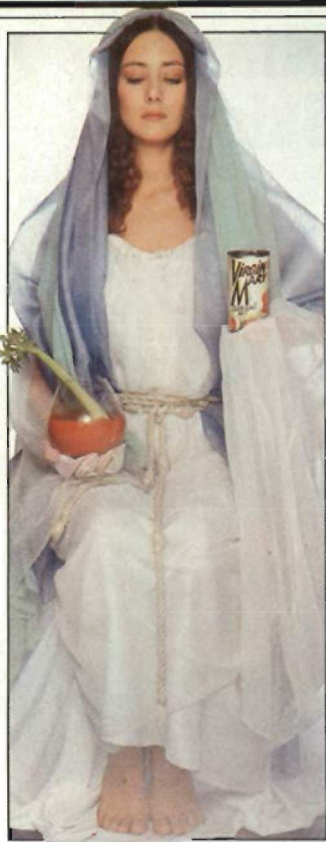
One sign that sexual repression may be on the way out in

America is that advertisements for ladies' lingerie are getting hornier and hotter. This sexy selection of sweethearts is from one of the latest catalogs put

Minnie Skirt

Men have been subjected to unattractive maxiskirts for several years. But girlwatchers on the West Coast report these mousy fashions seem to be on the way out, as miniskirts are making a comeback.



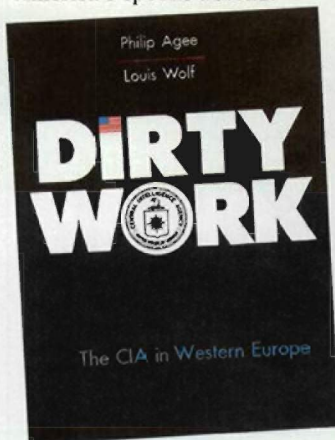


It's Heavenly

Gee, I could've had a Virgin Mary! This snappy vegetable-juice cocktail is named after one of the great stage mothers of all time. Mixed with vodka, it helps get rid of those hellish hangovers caused by turning water into wine and swilling too much. We'll drink to that!

Dirty Work

We don't know how many spies there are in the world, but it's certain that most of them will be buying *Dirty Work* (Lyle Stuart). And at \$24.95 a copy, that ought to make rich men out of authors Philip Agee, an ex-CIA agent, and Louis Wolf. The first part of the book consists of a number of articles, including an interesting one entitled "How to Spot a Spook." These articles cover a wide range of espionage-related matters and make good reading. But the heart of *Dirty Work* (and the section stirring controversy around the world) is a list of names and the biographies of more than 600 persons who have been exposed as American spies in Europe. Twenty-five bucks is a lot to spend for a book, but not much to pay for a fascinating look at America's spooks abroad.

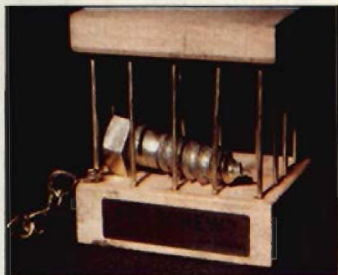


Trunk Murder

A trunk murder used to mean a slaying in which the body of the victim was stuffed into a trunk. But in Uganda recently the

term took on a new meaning when Idi Amin's attack elephant got loose and went on a rampage through the white section of the capital, Kampala. The syphilitic Ugandan dictator apologized, and invited the surviving whites to the presidential palace for dinner.



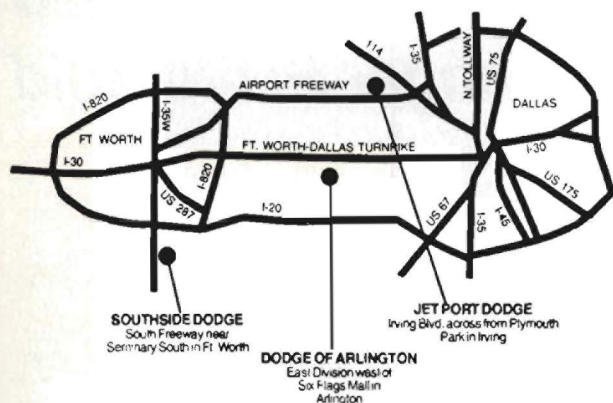


Had any good screws lately? Here's one you might want to keep around the house for times

when you're lonely. The Pet Screw is available in gift shops and variety stores for around \$7. The instructions note that Screw can damage its cage and escape, and can become uncontrollable and attempt to screw anything it sees.

If an enraged Pet Screw manages to get loose, the instructions offer this sound advice: "Do not turn your back on him. Simply talk to him . . . and back slowly to the door." Probably it's best to arm yourself with a Pet Screwdriver.

**Another quality project from
the fun and games department of KVIL**

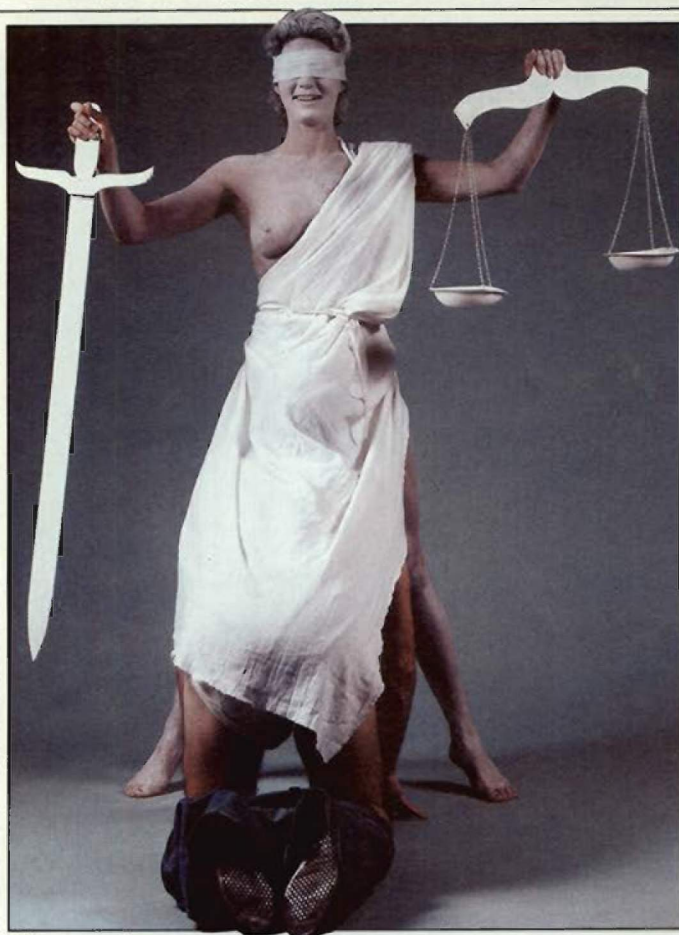


Slippery When Wet

In Texas everything's bigger than life-size. This road map,

which shows the location of every Dodge dealer in the Dallas-Fort Worth area, makes it obvious that there's a really big prick deep in the heart of Texas. No wonder the Dodge Boys seem so cocky.





Justice Is Served

Justice may be blind, but the rest of her seems to be in pretty

good working order. With repressive prosecutors and high-priced lawyers running the show these days, a lot of people are finding that the best way to get justice is to have a good mouthpiece.

Lay Parson

One of the best religious changes in years is the decision of some Episcopalian bishops to ordain women as priests. Men are flocking back to the church in droves because they feel the opposite sex is more, ummm, ahhh, up-front.



Mike's Erection Ruled No Longer His to Hold

By JACK STRAUSS

Mike was a builder who never did anything in a small way; even his blunders were monumental. After erecting a small building, he suddenly discovered that, by mistake, he had put it up on someone else's property. Moreover, Mr. Wipple, the owner of the property, refused to sell it to Mike, being informed of

"Not so!" responded Mike. "Since it was put up on my land, it belonged to me. Could Mike had no right to destroy it?"

IF YOU WERE THE JUDGE you make Mike pay for the building?

This is how the judge ruled. The judge held that when

Bad News

This headline appeared in the *Philadelphia Daily News*. We

worry about poor Mike, but we also wonder what prankster at the newspaper came up with this gem of a headline.

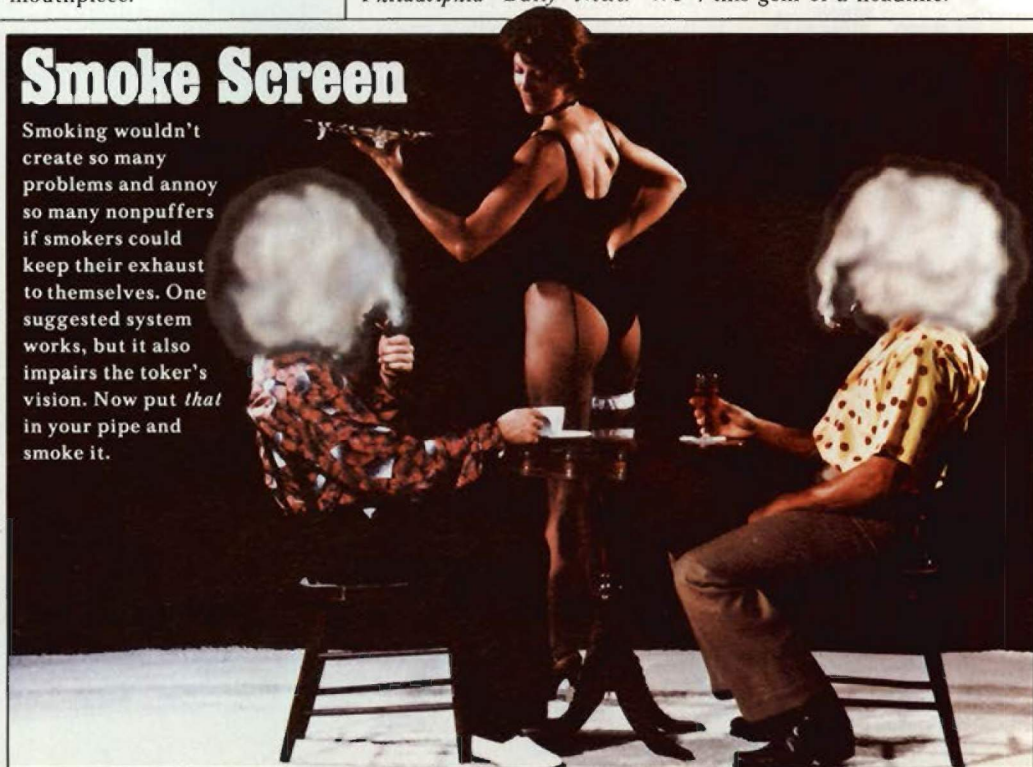


Hot Salsa

If God didn't want us to eat pussy, then why did He make it shaped like a taco?

Smoke Screen

Smoking wouldn't create so many problems and annoy so many nonpuffers if smokers could keep their exhaust to themselves. One suggested system works, but it also impairs the toker's vision. Now put *that* in your pipe and smoke it.





Smut Midgets Out West

Once described as "the finest crop of smut midgets in the Midwest," HUSTLER's sawed-off team of pornophiles has

been in Los Angeles for just over a year. To say that these perverted half-pints have taken to California the way flies take to a two-holer would be a gross understatement.

Standing behind the brain-damaged dwarfs is Managing Editor Jim Heinisch. At 4 feet 11 inches, he's one of the meanest and tiniest overseers in the business. Heinisch doesn't

deny that his reason for hiring midgets is related to his taste for small boys.

Now let's identify these smut runts, left to right: Articles Editor Zbigniew "Little Jerry" Kindela, who has "gone Hollywood" but who still closets himself in his office for hours at a time, playing with his stuffed beaver; Associate Editor Jim Dawson, a real sicko, who fucks sheep and uses his battery-operated banana to terrorize HUSTLER's secretaries—who, for some unknown reason, he finds gorgeous; *Bits & Pieces* Editor Lee Quarstrom, who's married to a cheap rubber love-doll and who has broken Kindela's heart by replacing him as Heinisch's "little man"; token Negro and Jew Stuart Goldman, a Sammy Davis, Jr., lookalike who refuses to believe his hemorrhoids are caused by the Coke bottles he "fools around with"; and Michael "Gabby" Stott, a demented English sex-offender and urine-drinker whose hobbies involve whips and a Shetland pony.

Most Tasteless Cartoon



Update

MICHAEL THEVIS
May 1976

One of America's biggest purveyors of pornography until his conviction on arson and obscenity charges, Michael Thevis escaped from jail last July. But the onetime Porn King of the South has been recaptured and now faces a raft of legal problems, including at least two murder charges. Thevis gained his reputation by opening adult-book stores specializing in hard-core porn and by distributing hard-core materials and peep-show machines. Accused of murdering two rivals in the smut business, Thevis is also charged with extortion, conspiracy and mail fraud. To boot, a former aide—Roger Underhill—testified against Thevis before a grand jury and was later killed in an ambush in Atlanta. Thevis has been a target of authorities since he first entered the adult-literature business, and at the time of his capture he was on the FBI's Ten Most Wanted List.



FRANK RIZZO

August 1976

Our Asshole of the Month then and still an asshole today, Mayor Frank Rizzo has finally been given the heave-ho by the citizens of Philadelphia. The city's voters have rejected a Rizzo-backed amendment to the city charter that would have allowed the mayor to serve a third term. Rizzo waged a particularly offensive campaign, using the racist slogan "Vote White." On election day the FBI began investigating charges that voting machines in black precincts were jamming when voters tried to cast ballots against the amendment.



Contributors

HUSTLER pays \$100 for interesting visuals and stories for *Bits & Pieces*. We buy all rights to material accepted for publication, but will return art on request (enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope). For March, \$100 and thanks to Dolly Berry, James H. Fromme, Mike McKinney and W. D. Pearson.

FEEDBACK

(continued from page 10)

HUSTLER, and it's always excellent. But take it from an old fan, and keep the dicks to a minimum.

—R. A.
Fort Worth, Texas

Keep the Cocks Coming: I am a female HUSTLER fan. When I read Ralph Saville's letter, I got really pissed off. I have praised you for going farther than the average skin magazine. That includes putting men in your centerfold. I really dig seeing centerfolds that show some affection instead of just some tits and a cunt, even if it's a picture of two women together. That's a hell of a lot more interesting to me than just one broad lying there with her cunt hanging out.

It's my belief that most men are not intimidated by seeing a dick in the centerfold, like the writer of the December letter obviously is. One of the main reasons I buy HUSTLER is because it seems to be fashioned for *both* men and women. Please continue to encourage an image of mutually satisfying sexual behavior.

—Stephanie Case
Ventura, California

The inclusion of male-female photo layouts is commendable rather than deplorable. To see a woman alone gives rise to one kind of fantasy. To see a man and a woman together in a sexual context lends itself to

others. Different strokes for different folks. There's nothing necessarily gay or bisexual in photographing men together with women. I rarely buy sex magazines, but your January cover was a turn-on, and I wasn't disappointed by what was inside.

—A New Reader
New York, New York

I like seeing cock and cunt together. It excites me far more than just cunt alone. Please keep the cock and male-ass pictures in your magazine. I like to compare mine with the ones you show.

—Jack Clark
Swanton, Ohio

Tell Ralph Saville to eat cat shit. What's unappealing about men and women together? I would much rather see men and women in the same layout instead of some lone dizzy broad fingering herself in some phony pose, with her eyes half-closed and her cunt held open for no one. Maybe Mr. Saville isn't secure with his own sexuality. Is he afraid his buddies at the mill won't think he's macho enough for them if he were to hang up a shot of a real woman with a live male? My wife and I both get off on these pictures. So please, HUSTLER, print more of the same.

—Roger Daltmire
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

I'm writing in regard to Ralph Saville's letter in the December 1978 issue. Looking at a naked male does not mean you're a pansyass, as the letter states. My girlfriend's

husband is 40. He said he'd rather look at a magazine with men and women together than with just women. Seeing a man and a woman together is more of a turn-on to him. It's a lot sexier to see both and know what they are doing or have done already. My husband reads your magazine occasionally. Whether a man is included in a photo-spread makes no difference to him. I wish there were more magazines with men in them for us girls to appreciate. A girl alone in a photo is just that—alone. Another warm body partaking in sex makes it more than a picture; there's feeling to it, almost as if you were one of those in the photo. Keep the men with the girls please.

—C. A. Moore
Wilburton, Oklahoma

Wow! I can't take it anymore: All those so-called studs complaining about the dicks in your pictorials. HUSTLER is a magazine for today's world. It's shared with our wives and girlfriends. HUSTLER is no longer for those solo visits to the john with the magazine in one hand and your cock in the other. Today real sex is alive and well and all around us. Some of us fantasize ourselves in the place of those guys in your photographs. They're doing what we fantasize doing. It's the women who turn most of us on, but the entire fantasy is a turn-on too. The complainers are probably afraid their wives will get a look at what some other guys have and will compare cocks. HUSTLER is great. Its new format is fantastic. I hope it stays that way; most of us can handle it.

—M. Deninno
Jamaica, New York

Tell those jerks who are complaining about the nude men in HUSTLER to stick their heads down a toilet and flush it a few dozen times. If these guys are too wimpy to enjoy the sight of a beautiful girl with a guy, let them read *Playboy*. Readers who get upset at pictures of limp cocks should be patient and continue to read HUSTLER. Before long those cocks will be stiff and rammed in the mouth of some beautiful girl. I find a good hard-core picture far more enjoyable and erotic than that of a solitary naked woman.

—Bruce Long
Los Angeles, California

I have a comment about the potty-mouth dude who's demanding more cunt. HUSTLER shows the most cunt-shots of any of the magazine I've seen. The majority of magazines are filled with advertising. HUSTLER puts cunts in its advertising. I hope your staff doesn't let opinions like Ralph Saville's influence future editions. I'm ready for anything daring you have to show us. So keep it up and open. Your magazine is the greatest!

—Sex Lover
Lakeland, Michigan

We have let Mr. Saville's limited viewpoints affect our decisions. Look for more daring photo-fantasies in the future. And thanks.



ADVISE & CONSENT

Edited by Vicki Scott

Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions, including sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. *Advise & Consent* is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question on any topic, address your correspondence to: *HUSTLER Magazine*, *Advise & Consent* Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Sexual Violence: When I was about ten years old, my father started to beat my mother. This lasted for about a year. I am now 20 years old and really get off on hitting my chick with a belt while we make it, but I worry about hurting her. What I want to know is, did my father's abuse of my mother cause me to act this way? —R. M. Bronx, New York

If you and your girlfriend discuss beforehand the fact that your using a belt on her, or using any other form of physical "punishment," is a fantasy you both share, then your behavior is fine. As long as your aim is mutual enjoyment and you stop when she gives the signal, you're not doing anyone any harm. But an unrequested or undesired beating is no longer harmless sex play.

Research tends to show that children who are abused, or who grow up in a family atmosphere that condones abuse, eventually become abusers themselves. What you witnessed was not directed at you. It was a case of wife-beating, not sex play or even sexual aggression. Wife abuse goes beyond that—it is often attributed to mental illness, drug or alcohol use or a total lack of communication. It is only occasionally attributed to sexual motivations. But something in the scene evidently struck a chord in your sexual fantasies.

Perhaps if your mother was mean or domineering, you viewed the beatings as a form of revenge—making her vulnerable to the same pain or humiliation she made you feel. If your mother was weak or passive, perhaps you hoped the beatings would elicit some reactions and show her to be a stronger person, thus giving you a greater feeling of safety and security.

Don't act out your fantasies if your partner is not willing. The idea that all women are masochists or that they need and enjoy an occasional whipping, and that hitting a woman proves your manhood, is false and dangerous.

Shy But Determined: My boyfriend and I have a terrific sexual relationship, but there are some things I feel very shy about. I would love to fondle his dick and get him off by hand while he does the same for me, but I don't know how to bring the topic up. He is a steady reader of *HUSTLER*, so maybe you could give him some tips on how to manually bring a woman to climax. He doesn't get many ideas on his own.

—Name Withheld by Request
Kansas City, Missouri

This is a fairly common problem among couples, and it's been brought to the attention of our editors. Look for an upcoming *Sex Play* on masturbating a woman. Meanwhile, you'll have to coach your boyfriend. If you're too shy to tell him your fantasies, then show him. Your shyness can be sidestepped by "accidentally" touching his cock; but instead of pulling your hand away and excusing yourself, let it rest there lightly. Then stroke from the head of the cock down the shaft; pay special attention to the underside of the tip. Alternate light and heavy strokes. Ask simply, "Like this?" If he's too shy to give instructions, then you might pull his hand down and let him guide you.

Explain to him that you'd like him to do the same for you and that turnabout is fair foreplay. If you can't describe what feels good to you, then gently but firmly put his hand or fingers on your clitoris and move him in ways that please you most. It generally takes longer for a man to get a woman off this way, so you must both be patient. A "personal vibrator" (as they are called) makes a great addition to manual manipulation, and you can buy one in almost any large drugstore or department store.

No Sense of Adventure: My wife never wants to swallow my cum. She won't even try it. Also, she doesn't let me go down on

her, even though she knows that I love to muff-dive. I bought her a vibrator once, thinking that might put some pizzazz in our sex life, but she said it turned her off.

So what's left? Fucking is cool, but it gets a little boring sometimes, dig? What can I do to keep it exciting? Is there something I've overlooked? —Name and Address Withheld by Request

Have you overlooked the possibility that the problem might rest with you? Quite often a person demands sex on his or her own terms, neglecting the fact that there is another person's sensibilities and preferences to consider. You must be aware of the atmosphere, your style and how you come on to your wife. Could she have some hidden anger that interferes with her sexual activity? Or could she be harboring some resentment at small outrages or be dissatisfied with your everyday behavior? A woman's sexual activity does not begin when she climbs into bed—everything that happens to her gets into bed with you both.

If you're sure that that's not the problem, then your wife might need to erase some of her earlier training. She might have learned how to extinguish her desires in an environment that inhibited her attempts to satisfy her sexual curiosity or to find out about her body, or from a family that showed no physical affection to one



another. Her parents might have taught her that sex was evil. Or she may suffer from "selective inhibition"—the unfamiliar is threatening or unpleasant. Maybe she doesn't want the responsibility of a more active role. Analyze, perhaps with the help of a counselor, what the underlying problems are.

And here's a helpful hint if you do talk her into fellating you: Come outside of her mouth or far back in her throat so that you bypass the taste buds. With a considerate approach, she might later beg to lap up every drop of your cum.

A Touch of Teeth: My wife's upper teeth protrude a little, and when she goes down on me, I can get a good erection but just can't come. It's hard to concentrate with her front teeth scraping my cock.

Is there some position we can use that would keep her teeth out of the way? I desperately want to come in her mouth.

—Name Withheld by Request
Alexandria, Virginia

She should wrap her lips around her teeth, as though she were going to gum you. She can alternate that with a flicking tongue and nibbling lips. The 69 position seems to render a toothier blow job, so you might avoid that. Have her station her body in between your legs or alongside of you. Tell her to treat your all-day sucker more like a Popsicle than an ear of corn.

Gay Fantasy? I was married, but because

I couldn't get into having sex with my wife, we got a divorce. Then I met another girl, and she ended up pregnant. I love the girl and would marry her, but I think I'm gay. I figure I'd better find out for sure before I get more involved with her.

I enjoy sex with women, but I don't fantasize about them. However, I do fantasize about well-built guys. I once went to a gay bar to see if having sex with a guy would help answer my question, but when I saw two guys making it, I got turned off to the idea.

I don't want to be gay. I even attempted suicide, realizing what it would do to my family if I were homosexual. Where can I get help? I'm desperate.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

You should consult a sex therapist or marriage counselor to find out exactly why you and your wife had a discouraging sex life. It may simply have been a case of incompatibility. You might also ask your current girlfriend to join you in counseling, so that through your sessions she can learn about your fears and guilt feelings. This is essential if you can't tell her yourself but intend to go on seeing her. You're already deeply involved with her, obviously, and she's entitled to know what's on your mind. A good sex life must include more than screwing—it means trust, communication and total giving.

If the thought of that kind of involvement

with another man—and the touching, caressing or lovemaking that goes along with it—turns you off, then it's possible that the fantasy is enough for you. You may only be projecting an idealized image of your own body through your fantasies of well-built men, thus enabling you to perform better sexually. Fantasies serve as sex aids, and they can't hurt anyone. Don't be afraid of them. As a gay "comes out," he moves from homosexual fantasies to sexual experiences and finally to the realization and acceptance that he is gay. You don't seem to be taking that route. But if you find out eventually that you truly do prefer relationships with men, your family should hear about it from you. You shouldn't construct barriers between yourself and the people you love.

It's hard for us to bare our innermost secrets, especially if we fear the consequences. But the fact that we can think, reason and even have fears of failing is what makes us human. Remember that those around you are no less vulnerable nor more human than you.

To find the name of a qualified therapist write to the American Association of Sex Educators, Counselors and Therapists, Suite 304, 5010 Wisconsin Avenue NW, Washington, D.C. 20016. To get help in clarifying your own sense of identity, write to the Homosexual Community Counseling Center, 30 East 60th Street, New York, New York 10022.

Self-Satisfied: I am a single girl who can get off fantastic by myself, but can't seem to get any satisfaction from a man. They look good and I want to get it on with them, but when it comes down to it, I can't get excited. What's wrong?

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

First, you might try analyzing what you do while masturbating that pleases you so much. If you fantasize while masturbating, be sure to include fantasies in your lovemaking—don't think it's wrong to fantasize about one man while getting it on with another, even if the reality doesn't live up to the fantasy. Not all men can be Robert Redford or Woody Allen.

Sexual experiences are enhanced by adding a bit of sensuality. Make a point of using all your senses. Candlelight, music, satin sheets, flavored lotions, light perfumes—any or all of these could boost your heterosexual lovemaking.

Finally, remember that yours is a common problem that will probably be solved by a partner who knows what you want and who takes the time to give it to you. Since you can masturbate successfully, you and your man should include manual stimulation in your sex play. If he's clumsy (or even uninterested) he might learn (or get interested) by watching you diddle with yourself. And don't be afraid to ask him to try to get you off orally—a man's probing tongue may do the trick. He may have to work on you awhile, but a considerate partner will give it a go. Such a partner is someone you feel comfortable with and someone you can communicate with. A one-night stand isn't normally your best bet for an atmosphere of relaxation.

(continued on page 28)



MEDIA TAKES

Edited by Michael Stott

EROTIC FILMS

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies every week, yet the straight media have constantly ignored the obvious need to educate the public as to which films are rip-offs and which aren't. *HUSTLER's* reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the standard arbiter of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we will continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur producers on to better and better productions.

by Frank Fortunato

People

P*People*, the latest effort by Gerard (Deep Throat) Damiano, is comprised of six vignettes that, in their totality, carry more story line than any two porn films I can recall. As the title implies (it may also suggest a spinoff on the popularity of *People* magazine), the film explores interpersonal relationships—relationships as emotional as they are sexual. In fact, the longest sequence—"Everyone Needs Somebody," the story of a homosexual's failed attempt at a heterosexual

'People': Kelly Greon and Burgundy Grant in a stylized S&M ballet.



'People': Jamie Gillis as the sadistic psychopath who forces his pliant wife (Serena) to go down on him.

relationship—offers so little sex that it could have qualified for a PG rating. In the same vignette a car goes careening off a cliff and tumbles hundreds of feet into a ravine. Shot with all the gloss of a straight Hollywood production, the scene conveys more energy and effort than Damiano has previously conveyed in *entire* films.

The five other vignettes deal more explicitly with sex. In one, Jamie Gillis—who seems to be cast exclusively as a sadistic psychopath these days—portrays a rapist who "forces" his wife (Serena) to give him a blow job.

Another story, entitled "The Exhibition," is a highly stylized and erotic S&M "ballet," with a tall, willowy dominatrix fucking over a pair of slaves who watch and masturbate during the ritual. The sequence ends as the female slave sucks off the male, then dribbles his cum into her mistress's mouth.

As is his custom, Damiano gets into the act in one of the stories, "First Things First." He plays a doting father who has difficulty accepting the fact that his daughter has grown into an alluring woman. However, this was the most tedious scene of all.

Some of Damiano's story ideas are good, but they tend to be marred by cliché-ridden and sentimental dialogue that lends

a depressing, soap-opera effect to several of the vignettes. For instance, in "First Things First" the agonizingly extended dialogue is full of verbal gems such as "We've got to talk . . . I want the best for you . . . You're my little girl."

I don't think anyone would object if Damiano merely appeared for a brief moment onscreen. After all, Alfred Hitchcock inserts his portly presence as a momentary signature in his suspense films, and Hitchcock fans look forward to spotting him. But Damiano thinks of himself as an actor, and insists on appearing in whole scenes. I've got news for him: He's an embarrassingly *bad* actor, and should focus his energy on perfecting his real talent: direction.

People is not the Great American Fuck Film it aspires to be, but it is imbued with a certain intelligence and sense of reality still rare in porn. Moreover, it shows that Damiano is on the comeback trail after a series of *really* mediocre films.

The Untamed

Porn? Shoot a few straight-fucking scenes, add a lesbian sequence and an oral cum-shot or two, mix in some fetishism, throw in a few sex aids (a vibrator and a double-ended dildo

will do nicely), write a couple of pages of dialogue and, finally, pull a title from a hat. Presto! You've got an instant film. *The Untamed* is a textbook example of this kind of formula porn, but unlike most similar productions, the film manages to attain *some* erotic values—thanks to its attractive cast.

The story starts as private detective Mike Slammer (Paul Thomas) and his date, Sheila (Kay Parker), sit in front of a fireplace, sipping wine and running a film-long philosophical discussion on love, sex and marriage. During this discourse Mike relates—via flashback—a few tales from his case files: a lady and her girlfriend serviced by her servant, poolside cunnilingus, threesomes—the usual stuff. However, several scenes are genuinely erotic due to the foxiness of the participants.

In one segment appetizing Abigail Clayton plays a teenage stepdaughter who seduces her dad (Harry Magnum). Dressed in a cutesy pleated skirt and continually whispering "Daddy," Miss Clayton sinks to her knees and runs a tongue-tattoo on Magnum that could make a monk forget his vows.

Another sequence offers some lesbian S&M between porn-perennial Sharon Thorpe and a cute blond named Monica Welles. Welles is strapped to a bed and forced into oral body

worship by her dominatrix, but there is a problem with *this* scene: It ends too quickly.

Predictably—in fact, you could have bet your soul on it—the film ends with a fuck scene between detective Slammer and Sheila.

We can't show you any stills from this film because the producers didn't bother to supply any. Their greedy credo is: "Crank it out, rake in the fast bucks, and fuck the public." For this reason, and despite the occasional eroticism, the public should pay them back in kind by avoiding *The Untamed*.

Anna Obsessed

The distributors boast that Hugh Hefner has asked for a copy of this film for his private collection. One thing is clear: It wasn't artistic achievement that inspired Hef's request. With 64 separate scenes and a star-studded cast that includes the Queen of Porn, Annette Haven, *Anna Obsessed* is a powerhouse of sexuality. Unfortunately, the story not only fails to make sense, but it is also impossible to follow. Scene is piled upon scene until the plot becomes so tangled it would baffle a computer.

The story centers around a married couple—Anna (Constance Money) and David (John Leslie)—who are having sexual difficulties; he doesn't seem able to get her off. In her frustration she turns to Maggie the photographer (Haven) for that understanding female touch. This provides Anna with some satisfaction and the audience with some dynamite lesbian scenes.

Meanwhile, a maniacal rapist has killed four women in Anna's and David's neighborhood. Eventually Anna falls prey to the rapist, but instead of being snuffed, she is orally and vaginally penetrated by the attacker's gun. The maniac's identity is hidden throughout the film, but the action strongly suggests that it might be that perennial porn-film psychotic—Jamie Gillis. In fact, it's not Jamie, and because of confusing editing it's never possible to uncover the real culprit.

On the other hand, the film is really *hot*. In one scene Susan McBaine plays a horny secretary masturbating through her pantyhose at her desk. She fantasizes being ravaged by Jamie Gillis, and the result is one of the most erotic oral-sex scenes of this or any year.

In addition, there are seemingly endless trysts involving the rest of the cast, and the composition of the shots and the quality of the photography in these scenes are both excellent. In terms of plot, *Anna Obsessed* is a garbled mess, but judged solely as a piece of technical erotica it is one of the outstanding efforts of the year.

While on the subject of "technical erotica," I'd like to add that the producers of this film failed to provide HUSTLER with color slides of an acceptable technical quality for publication. And that's why no stills from *Anna Obsessed* appear here in *Media Takes*.








'Pleasure Palace': A feast of wall-to-wall hard-core sex scenes.



'Palace': A fellatio freak's wonderland—top-heavy with oral sex.

This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

-  **ERECTION**
A constant turn-on. If this won't get it up, you may be dead.
-  **THREE-QUARTERS ERECT**
Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. But it can still be beat.
-  **HALF ERECT**
So-so. Probably get it up with a little help from your fist.
-  **ONE-QUARTER ERECT**
A poor turn-on. Just might get it up if you used a crane.
-  **TOTALLY LIMP**
A turn-off. This one couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

The Pleasure Palace

An introductory scene in *The Pleasure Palace* reveals how the new co-owner of a massage parlor, Mike, interviews a masseuse without making any sexual advances. The girl is surprised by this, and she asks him if he's gay. "Gay?" he echoes, "I'm overjoyed! I just bought a business. See you on the assembly line, doll!" This is pretty snappy dialogue for a porn flick, and the script stays snappy throughout the film. *The Pleasure Palace* is the product of porn journeyman Carter Stevens (*Roller Babies*, *Teenage Twins*), and by all measures it's his best film to date.

In *Palace*, Stevens has combined high sexuality, an interesting cast, good dialogue and even a decent story—a tale describing how an ex-New York cop, Jimmy (Eric Edwards), and his lawyer, Larry (Richard Bolla), buy a Miami massage parlor at a curiously cheap price. The boys don't worry much about this as they're too busy raking in the profits.

The audience doesn't worry much either, for the film is a feast of wall-to-wall hard-core sex scenes. Featured among a

large cast is Los Angeles porn queen Serena, who plays Carol, the classic hard-boiled hooker with a heart of gold. Serena has a purely sexual Kewpie-doll face, a dynamite body and the apparent ability to string together orgasm after orgasm on camera.

Jimmy and Larry are more than happy that they've decided to sell flesh for a living. Happy, that is, until two guys enter the place and try to shake them down. The thugs, well-played by Al Levitsky and Bobby Astyr, get rough in a hurry, and rape one of the girls.

Enter the hoods' boss, one Joey Bonfigulo, played by none other than porn's reigning bad boy—Jamie Gillis. Bonfigulo constantly adds new dimensions to the meaning of nasty, and, after a violent sex scene with one of the girls, he seems to win her over in his attempt to move in on the establishment. But the violence eventually escalates to murder, and there is a surprise ending.

Although the fucking is frequent and varied, *The Pleasure Palace* is a fellatio freak's wonderland, since it's top-heavy with oral sex. Moreover, it indicates that, given enough money, director Stevens should be

able to produce a film worthy of a full-erection rating.

The Other Side of Julie

It wouldn't surprise us if male lead John Leslie needed a scrotum donor after his mammoth display of sexual energy in this film. In *The Other Side of Julie* he jumps on more prime ass than most of us even dream about in a decade. And when you consider that Leslie's co-star (porn newcomer Susannah French) is on the screen for perhaps 15 percent of the film, and that he still manages to squeeze in three wet and lingering sex scenes, you'll get some idea of the wall-to-wall erotic action that packs this big-budget feature as tight and as brimful of goodies as the Shah of Iran's personal safe.

In fact, it's the *overabundance* of sex in *Julie* that prevents it from earning a full-erection rating. The producers, in their promotional material aimed at exhibitors, boast that their films are "becoming more and more creative in their approach to eroticism" because "audiences are becoming increasingly more sophisticated and

demanding in their tastes." A worthy intention, but not fully realized in *Julie*, for while the story is reasonably coherent, it's inserted in short takes between the endless snatch-shots. Consequently the sex scenes, though lushly photographed by Louis Coureges with a great deal of horny skill, lose some of the impact they might have attained had the tale been more fully cohesive.

John Leslie plays Mike Robbins, the boy president and principal asset of Stag Enterprises, a company that finances new business ventures. Stag's way of doing business puts new wrinkles in the money game—the president's function is to pick up chicks, ball them, steal their jewelry and then return to them with a contrite confession about how he did it for "Mom." The girls buy this horseshit, and Mike is able to drive a new Rolls-Royce on the proceeds.

Sleaze that he is, Mike stashes the Rolls at night and drives home to his wife Julie (Susannah French) in a beat-up old station wagon. He keeps his money, his cock and all the details of his other life secret from her; she believes that they're going through hard times and that he's too pooped to fuck her, which prompts Mrs. Robbins to masturbate feverishly with a wine bottle in the couple's mirrored bathroom.

The president continues his double life until he meets his match in Isabel (Jackie O'Neill), a multitasking lady who sees through his game as easily as she takes his cock into her hungry mouth. She later blackmails him into acting as a one-man stud service, which leads to a very hot orgy sequence and, eventually, Mike's demise as a con man: His long-suffering wife learns of his deception and turns the tables on him in a farfetched but righteous ending.

John Leslie has been touted several times in this column in recent months as one of the best male actors currently working in American porn. Yet too often his considerable dramatic ability has been limited to brief character parts in isolated vignettes. With *The Other Side of Julie*, Leslie has been given the lead role he deserves, and his

performance here clearly demonstrates that he can sustain a part with energy and precision throughout a complete feature.

As with *Anna Obsessed*, the producers of *Julie* failed to provide HUSTLER with color slides of an acceptable quality for publication. —M.S.

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood.

Erection

All About Gloria Leonard
Bad Penny
Barbara Broadcast
Desires Within Young Girls
Erotic Adventures of Candy

Three-Quarters Erect

A Woman's Torment
Another Love, Another Place
Candy Strippers
Do You Wanna Be Loved?
Fiona on Fire
Happy Holiday
Health Spa
Honeymoon Haven
Maraschino Cherry
Pretty Peaches
Sensual Encounters of Every Kind
Sex World

Half Erect

Black Silk Stockings
Carnal Games
Happy Days
Her Coming Attractions
Hot Cookies
Invasion of the Love Drones
Little Orphan Dusty
Pizza Girls
Skin Flicks
Take Off
The Love Couch
The Senator's Daughter

One-Quarter Erect

From Holly With Love
Nite Bird
The Joy of Fooling Around

Totally Limp

Daddy

'Palace': An anonymous dominatrix gives John Green the business.

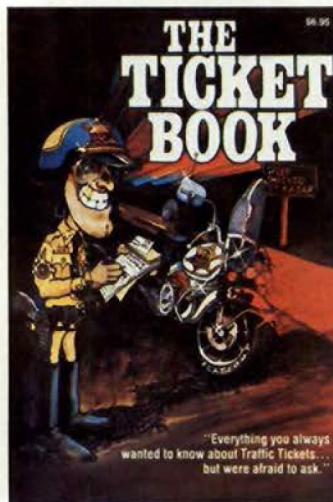


BOOKS

The Ticket Book

By Rod Dornsife; *The Ticket Book, Inc.*, P.O. Box 1087, La Jolla, California 92038; \$6.95

American motorists receive more than 30 million traffic tickets each year, and fewer than 1 percent of these tickets are challenged in court. This is unfortunate, says former traffic cop Rod Dornsife, because millions of drivers are innocent of the charges marked on their citations. However, they are so intimidated by the police and the courts that they simply pay the fine in their hurry to get the thing over and done with.



The Ticket Book is a driver's manual for surviving traffic violations. First off, Dornsife takes you into the mind of the traffic cop himself, tells you how he perceives the world around him and explains the tricks of his trade. Then he goes into detail about how a motorist should conduct himself when he's stopped for a moving violation and what he should do to prepare his case in court. Dornsife insists that beating city hall is not as hard as you might expect.

Forfeiting bond or sending the fine in by mail to avoid going to court both amount to a plea of guilty. You not only lose your money, but in addition your driving record is blemished, and your insurance rates may go up. In most cases it would be better to go to court

and either plead not guilty or guilty with an explanation—which may reduce or suspend the fine. Not guilty is the best plea, says Dornsife.

For serious offenses such as drunk or reckless driving it's best to go into court with a lawyer, but for most tickets you can handle your own case. In court you can call the shots. You have the option of being tried by a judge or a jury. If you don't like the judge you've been assigned to, you can request another judge if there's one available.

More important, a trial is your opportunity to speak your piece and have your day in court if you think you're getting a raw deal. You're at liberty to question the officer who arrested you and determine his credibility.

This is particularly important if the officer (1) managed to catch you by breaking a serious law himself, such as driving without his lights on after dark; (2) apprehended you at a "cherry patch"—an area badly marked but favored by cops with ticket quotas, because they can cite you for dubious violations; or (3) caught you in a known speed trap. (Dornsife adds that you should report speed traps to the state attorney general.)

The Ticket Book also includes a chapter on radar, containing information Dornsife claims will let the reader "know more about the operation and use of traffic radar than 95 percent of the officers using radar on the highways." Because radar can be easily abused or mishandled in at least 20 different ways, Dornsife estimates that at least 30 percent of all radar citations are bogus, and he reveals clearly how you can demonstrate radar errors in a court of law.

This book answers around 500 questions about traffic cops and tickets. Many are so elementary that you wonder why Dornsife asked them in the first place—certainly the book could be a lot thinner. But overall *The Ticket Book* is a handy guide that could pay for itself the next time a cop pulls you over to the side of the road. Much of what Dornsife has to say should be required reading for anyone who gets a driver's license.

—Jim Dawson

Possessions

By John Hedgecoe; *A&W Publishers, Inc.*; \$25

A wealthy man's world is cushioned with luxury. He surrounds himself with possessions that please the eye and fulfill his desires. He collects expensive objects—antiques, paintings, classic automobiles—and beautiful women. But while a Goya or a Stutz Bearcat increases in value over the years, the worth of a kept woman depreciates with age. Her looks and youth are her prime assets, and she must survive on them while she can.

The sensuous woman who stimulates and satisfies the jaded sexual tastes of an aristocratic sugar daddy is the subject of John Hedgecoe's book. As a photographer for *Queen*, one of Great Britain's most snobbish life-style magazines, Hedgecoe was often invited to splendid English manor houses and Scottish castles to take pictures of their landscapes, staircases and art collections. He became fascinated with the ornate women who

inhabited these palaces. Pampered, spoiled, bored beyond tears, they languished in luxury—taking the morning to get out of bed, soaking in a bubble bath all afternoon, then climbing into evening gowns and attaching themselves to the arms of their owners for an evening's entertainment.

When Hedgecoe captures these women in their intimate daytime routine, he gives the impression that they have control over their opulent surroundings. There are maids around to draw their baths and fix their drinks while they cross their lovely long legs and stare out of the windows. He allows us to see the essence of these women—cold and calculating, aloof and unapproachable, like royalty itself.

But then Hedgecoe lets us see them in the presence of their men. Suddenly we realize these women are nothing more than breathing accessories, compliant appliances, well-kept whores. The chilling indifference of the gentlemen puts these women firmly "in their place."

With this in mind, we know



'Possessions': Waiting for the day their fading beauty won't pay the rent.





'Possessions': Satisfying the jaded sexual tastes of their sugardaddies.

that these women are not languishing in wealth. They're simply waiting—waiting for the evening's dutiful companionship, waiting for the day when their fading beauty will no longer pay the exorbitant rent.

Their total corruption, their abandonment to the self-indulgence of this way of life, makes these creatures seem sensual and mysterious. You want to wallow in their flesh. But you realize that they wouldn't even look twice at any man who couldn't provide them with the trappings of wealth. So you begin to hate them. That is where this book's eroticism lies.

The bothersome thing about *Possessions* is its rich man's price. It's bad enough paying \$25 for a piece of ass—but \$25 for a book is a bit much. —J. D.

Wife Beating: The Silent Crisis

By Roger Langley and Richard C. Levy; Kangaroo Books (published by Pocket Books); \$1.95

Walk into your favorite bookstore, and you'll find that one of the most popular sections is the "self-help" department. This section contains not only psychological how-to books, but also volumes that investigate all manner of sociological and psychological problems. One currently hot topic in this category is the

phenomenon of wife-beating.

The format of *Wife Beating: The Silent Crisis* is a blend of "myth-shattering" facts and statistics combined with case histories of battered women—a style that has become quite popular with books such as this. Here, though, the end product amounts to a cross between a college text and *True Detective* magazine.

The statistics detailed are so numerous that we couldn't possibly imagine absorbing them, let alone making use of them. Learning that 50 percent of American wives are battered is valid, but of what possible value is knowing the typical height, weight and income of the average wife-beater? To see if the reader fits the model?

Still, the authors leave no stone unturned, and so we're bogged down with reports from criminologists, psychologists, sociologists and groups such as the President's Crime Commission and the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence. The case histories cited in the book are filled with enough gory details to satisfy the most bloodthirsty reader. It's here that the authors show their true intention: to capture the attention of as many markets as possible.

To make sure they haven't missed anyone, they devote a short chapter to battered husbands, although studies show that there are an equal number of men being beaten up by their

wives. But the book is obviously geared to cash in on the huge feminist movement; "A MUST FOR ALL WOMEN" is printed boldly right on the inside cover.

Certainly wife-beating is a real problem in society today. But so is husband-beating, child-beating and even animal-beating. Must we pay money to be beaten over the head with useless statistics and titillating anecdotes in order to fully comprehend the problem?

Wouldn't it be more valuable to study the problem of violence as a totality? In order to do that we don't need more information; all we need to do is look within ourselves. Evidently people will do anything to avoid facing the fact of their own violence—including reading books. It puts the problem one step outside ourselves, and makes it easier to point the finger at someone else.

Wife Beating: The Silent Crisis is largely an exercise in finger-pointing. It may sell a lot of copies, but it seems doubtful that it will make a dent in the number of Americans who seem to enjoy kicking the shit out of each other. —Stuart Goldman

Doktor Bey's Handbook of Strange Sex

By Derek Pell; Avon Books; \$3.95

If you're looking for factual information on the subject of "strange sex," you won't find it in *Doktor Bey's Handbook*. However, if you want to be enter-

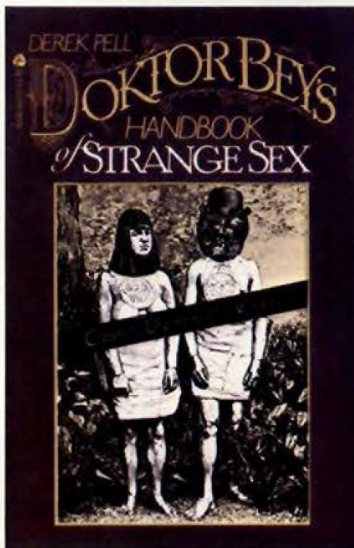
tained, Derek Pell has written a delightfully lecherous doctrine, dedicated to the edification of the reader regarding some of the world's most famous perversions and perverts. They're all here—voyeurs, exhibitionists, prostitutes, bigamists, nymphomaniacs, sadists and masochists, transvestites, pedophiles, foot fetishists and more—accompanied by Dr. Bey's degenerate commentary.

Throughout the book the good doctor imparts his wisdom on a number of subjects. How else would we be able to avoid the pitfalls of voyeurism (constant backache accompanied by blindness, otherwise known as the Keyhole Syndrome) or exhibitionism (overexposure) unless Dok Bey spelled them out for us?

Where else would we contrive to obtain a guide to the favorite tools used by the sadist, which include whips, chains, poultry tongs, tourniquets, and tar and feathers? And who but Dr. Bey would have thought to enlighten us with little-known facts about the inventor of the dildo—the infamous T. S. Dildo, whom the doctor met by accident in a Swiss sanatorium while recuperating from a groin realignment?

Dr. Bey also succeeds in debunking sexual myths in his own inimitable fashion. Concerning aphrodisiacs: "After years of experimentation, having sampled everything from *foeniculum vulgare* to morphine, I must sadly report that there seems to be no elixir to inspire human lust. Even the infamous Spanish flies (if you can manage to catch the little buggers!) proved only to excite my indigestion."

We repeat, if you're really looking for a serious treatment of "strange sex," you've got the wrong book. *Doktor Bey's Handbook* is a truly funny work, one that takes a healthy poke at our superstitions concerning sexually taboo subjects. And in making light of them, Bey presents a much saner point of view than many so-called "serious" works, which are often responsible for too many of our neurotic attitudes. But let's not get too serious here, all you pervert lovers. Dr. Bey would have none of it. —S. G.





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ADVISE & CONSENT

(continued from page 22)

Some women find that they are never able to reach orgasm with a man, but there's nothing to prevent you from practicing at it.

Temporary Tools: About 14 months ago I had an accident that injured my spine, and I am presently undergoing a series of three operations. Since the accident I have been unable to get an erection and have intercourse with my wife. I will be unable to get an erection until I have had all three operations, but because of the severity of my injury the operations have to be a year apart.

My doctor suggested we manually stimulate one another until I'm better, but this kind of activity gets old fast, and we'll need something different. I know there are a lot of sex aids on the market, but I don't want to buy anything sight unseen. How can I find out more about these devices? —J. H.

Hartsville, South Carolina

There are alternatives to fingers and dildoes. These are best explained in a book by Thomas O. Mooney, et al., entitled *Sexual Options for Paraplegics and Quadriplegics* (Little, Brown & Company). This illustrated guide shows positions for oral sex that make each partner's genitals easily accessible to the other's mouth. Your wife might have to do the shifting—but while you're lying on your back, she can station her pussy over your mouth; and while you stimulate her with your tongue (and fingers), she can give you head. Though you may not gain an erection, you can still enjoy her caresses. The mouth has a great capacity for giving pleasure. The anus, too, has a high number of nerve endings—probing fingers, the tongue or small vibrators coupled with imagination can also enhance your sexual intimacy.

Your urologist or surgeon should be able to discuss other sexual outlets available to you, or you can contact the Urology Department of Duke University Medical Center in Durham, North Carolina. Surgical-appliance companies tell us that their inventories don't include things such as strap-on dildoes or penile extenders (also called "splints"). Most surgical-supply centers carry prosthetic (replacement) devices or could refer you to doctors who could prescribe penile prosthetics if your disability were permanent. (See last month's *Sex Play*, "Cosmetic Cock Surgery.")

You can, however, order strap-on devices made of soft plastics or rubber. To avoid getting ripped-off for expensive, useless gimmicks, shop around and get a catalog. Leisure Time Products (P.O. Box 16508, Columbus, Ohio 43216) offers a catalog of equipment for \$5. The Pleasure Chest (with stores in New York, Miami and Los Angeles) also offers a catalog of such items. The Equipment Evaluation Project of the Center for Independent Living (2020 Milvia Avenue, Berkeley, California 94703) can give you advice on the comfort or safety of the device you choose. Even if you do find a good mechanical apparatus, practice the oral and manual techniques—you will be able to enjoy them long after you wear out your strap-on dildo. 🍆

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SEXPLAY

by Michael Stott

In 1948 the famous Kinsey report on the sexual behavior of the human male claimed that 69 percent of the white males interviewed had employed the services of a prostitute at least once in their lives. That 31-year-old statistic would jump by some ten percentage points today; at any rate, that's the opinion of most of the "working girls" I know.

My hooker friends further believe that there isn't a single adult male in this country who hasn't at some time felt the need of a prostitute's talents. Hiring a woman for sex has been a masculine habit for thousands of years; little wonder, then, that hooking has been called "the world's oldest profession."

But there is a stigma attached to prostitution that prevents many a horny would-be john either from approaching a prostitute in the first place, or from enjoying himself as he should once the action is under way. This stigma is compounded by many elements, chief of which is the ridiculous but undeniable fact that whoring is *illegal* in the United States (except in parts of Nevada). Hence, hookers and their clients are justifiably paranoid.

Cops currently come in all shapes and sizes, and many a prostitution bust comes down on both parties to the transaction. Thus, on many occasions a potential client feels guilty, anxious and fearful; archaic morals and repressive laws fuse in his head with tales of muggings and venereal disease, and to compensate he often behaves like a bull in a china shop.

The result of all this mental agony is frequently dissatisfying, and might best be illustrated by a cartoon I once saw in the British humor magazine *Punch*. The cartoon depicted a streetwalker soliciting an anxious Englishman wearing a bowler hat and carrying an umbrella. In the caption she said to him, "Come up and 'ave an 'orrible time."

Picking up a hooker doesn't have to

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that the repression of natural and healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles to increase your sexual knowledge, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.



HOW TO REALLY PICK UP A HOOKER

be like that. If you've finally come to the point of admitting to yourself that you're ready to explore the world of prostitution, or if your previous contacts with "ladies of the evening" have been unsatisfying, I've got some good advice. After all, you intend to spend time, money and emotional energy on the purchase of an intimate experience, and to get your money's worth you should be fully aware of the facts.

To begin with, understand that a prostitute is a human being first and a professional second. Treat the human being with the same respect that you'd accord your girlfriend, and treat the professional with the same courtesy that

you'd offer to any service person. (Of course, if you're the kind of asshole who yells at the plumber before he's even unloaded his tools, then you'll fare no better with a hooker; you'll pay a fat bill, but your pipes will stay plugged!)

The second thing to get clear in your mind is that there are several kinds of hookers, and you should choose the one that will best satisfy your particular needs. In most urban centers you'll find "working girls" congregating either in downtown hotels and bars or right on the street. Intimate cocktail lounges just around the corner from big hotels patronized by traveling businessmen are likely locations, or you'll sometimes find women for sale at the bar of a chain motel near a freeway. If your search seems fruitless, a friendly barman will often steer you straight for a fin.

Bar girls and street girls are the "general practitioners" of the business, and they comprise the majority. But every big city usually contains its quota of "specialists" as well, and these fall into two categories: call girls and fetish experts. Call girls are so named because all arrangements are made over the telephone, and to set up an appointment you generally need a referral from a previous client. Fetish experts tend to concentrate on a particular or unusual area of sexuality, and, like call girls, they charge accordingly.

Choosing a hooker depends on your needs and on the money you want to spend. Naturally, the more exotic your needs the more you'll be charged.

If you merely want to get your rocks off with a quick fuck or blow job, then your best bet is a streetwalker or a bar girl. A streetwalker makes her money by volume. That means she doesn't have a lot of time to waste, and her price may be a bit lower than a bar girl's. However, she's usually part of a pimp's stable, and the price can vary depending on how

many tricks she's turned that day and on how much she fears her pimp. If it's been a slow night, and it's late, you might get a quick blow job for \$20 or a quick fuck for \$25. Otherwise the price could vary from a minimum of \$20 in some parts of the country to a maximum of about \$75.

For the most part, hotel and bar girls are priced a little higher, averaging from \$50 to \$100 for the same services. But the extra money can buy you a little more time, so a bar girl might be preferable if you want a slower, more relaxed session. For both street girls and bar girls the top price can allow for some mildly exotic variations on straight fucking and sucking: "Half-and-Half" is cocksucking that culminates in regular intercourse, while "Around the World" is a thorough tongue-licking and reaming all over your body, usually ending with a blow job. "Greek" (anal) sex meets with resistance from some hookers, but if you're up-front, an unwilling prostitute might find you another hooker who'd be more agreeable to the idea.

Call girls will perform all of the services listed above without demur, but you'll pay through the nose for the experience—from \$100 to \$500 a night. (Keeping a permanent mistress might be cheaper!)

The best place to look for a fetish specialist is the classified section of underground newspapers. In most big cities you'll find these publications for sale in coin-operated news racks, adult-book stores and occasionally at regular newsstands. (Some of the better-known smut tabloids are *Screw*, *Fetish Times*, *San Francisco Ball*, *The Berkeley Barb* and *L.A. Touch*.) These papers list the phone numbers of ladies or transvestites who are prepared for sadomasochism and bondage (often called "English"), "watersports" (enemas and high-colonic douches), "golden showers" (mutual urination), "scat" (shit play), infibulation (nipple- or genital-piercing), infantilism or just about any practice imaginable. Be prepared to pay upwards of \$75 for a specialty service.

So far we've discussed the four main varieties of hookers, the kinds of services available and the average prices for these services. As far as call girls and fetish specialists are concerned, the problems of contact and clear communication are small, for you put yourself in minimal legal jeopardy by calling a hooker on the phone. But personal contact, approach and communication are more troublesome when it comes to

bar girls and street girls. It is here that most potential johns screw up.

There are three essential messages to be communicated when you want to pick up a hooker: your *needs*, the *time* you want to spend and the *price* you're willing to pay.

But approaching a hooker is not so simple as blurting out "I wanna blow job, it'll take 15 minutes, and I've got \$20—take it or leave it." If you've unknowingly delivered this message to an undercover policewoman, you're in trouble. And a good hooker, faced with such directness, might shy off and pretend to be a social worker out slumming. From experience she knows that only assholes and cops come on like that.

Use an *indirect* approach, one that gives both of you space to check each other out. It's a kind of code, and though it might sound like bullshit, it'll get the job done safely.

Let's say you're looking for a hooker on the street. Cruise the red-light district until you see the girl you want, then stop your car and wait for her to approach you. If she does, you've passed her initial once-over if she's legitimate. But don't forget that she might be from the vice squad; they're not *all* ugly. So keep cool.

Once a good hooker is sure you're interested, she'll generally open up negotiations herself. She'll say something like "Do you wanna go out?" "Hi, got a date?" or "Feeling lonely?"

If you examine these phrases carefully, two things will become apparent: First of all, no law has been broken, for no overt sexual suggestion has yet been made. (Thank God it's not illegal yet to ask someone if they're lonely, although some asshole prosecutor like Atlanta's Hinson McAuliffe is probably working on that one right now!)

Second, the tone of these questions sets the style for the "code" I mentioned earlier. "Do you wanna go out?" can mean almost anything you want it to. It's a phrase that's both indirect and vague, and it should cue an answer in the same way.

Here's how the opening dialogue could go:

Hooker: "Hi, got a date for tonight?"

You: "Well, I had a date, but I got stood up. Hey, you know something? You look just like her—same mouth."

Corny? Why, certainly—but you've already established that you like what you see, that you're not a total anus and that you're possibly interested in a blow job. Next, ask her courteously to step into your car so you can talk some more. But *don't* suddenly grab her tits as soon

as she's sitting next to you; the cardinal rule is the same for hookers as it is for fruit—"Don't squeeze the merchandise until you've paid for it." And remember, at this point she could still be a cop. So keep up the compliments, and work the factors of *needs*, *time* and *price* into the conversation as before. You're not going to have to direct the whole drama yourself; she's going to help you as much as she can by picking up the cues.

As soon as she is in the car, the dialogue could continue:

You: "Yes, ma'am, that's a real pretty mouth! You know, I've got something that would fit right in it."

Hooker: "Is that right? Sounds exciting! What would that be worth to you?"

You: "Well, let's see. That blouse you're wearing looks like it cost \$50. Would you like to buy another one just like it?"

Hooker: "Sounds good. But the stores close in an hour."

You: "Well, we'd better get right on down to my hotel room so I can get my money."

Of course, if this script were in a film, there'd be little chance it would win an Oscar for screenwriting. But put it in perspective. You're starring in your own "movie" at this moment, and you're playing for an audience of one—the one who might still be a cop. And you won't know for certain until you've both undressed.

Incidentally, a street hooker might want to take you back to her place. This might turn out fine, but there's always the risk of a rip-off (a "Murphy"). The best plan is to be already booked into a nice hotel before you start looking for a girl. Since the john generally pays for the hotel, why not pick a place that *you* like?

If we switch the scene to a bar, it might be more suitable for you to open the conversation. A good bar girl will smile at you seductively if she's interested in you as a client, but she might not come over and hustle you. If she hustled every man who came in, she might get bounced by the manager for being too obvious.

If you're the one to start the encounter, the conversation might go something like this:

You: "Are you looking for a date?"

Hooker: "Uh-huh. I've been waiting for one, but then I saw you."

You: "Well, listen—I've got an hour to kill. Let's have a drink, and we can talk about it."

And you go on as before, subtly establishing needs and price. If, for instance,

you're interested in "Around the World," it doesn't take much imagination to work that phrase into your script.

If you take the girl to your hotel room, avoid the temptation to rush or to grab. A good hooker will want to make sure that you're clean and free from *obvious* symptoms of venereal disease, and you should show the same concern for her. Don't say "Go wash your cunt, cunt!" Be a gentleman. A courteous and relaxed approach would be to say "Would you like to use the bathroom first?"

Once she's undressed, you can now be about 99-percent sure she's not a cop, for an entrapment bust is hard to prosecute if the arresting officer steps out of her panties.

Now there remains only the problem of payment before you both get down to it. Many johns get nervous at this point. They're sometimes embarrassed because producing money makes it crystal-clear that they are dealing with a prostitute—and that no matter how loving or erotic the fantasy will be, she's still being bought.

Don't worry about it. No hooker is embarrassed when money is brought out. She will welcome an open and honest approach. But don't forget, the best

way to pay a hooker is to take the initiative and produce the money up-front, with a smile and a humorously macho remark like "Listen, afterwards you're going to be in seventh heaven and you might forget to collect. So I'll just pay you now." It's also advisable to carry only as much money as you want to spend, so you don't end up having your wallet stolen while your pants are hanging on the door.

Some brief pointers before I leave you to your bliss. Many hookers reserve kissing on the lips for their boyfriends, so don't be offended if you're asked not to do it. And don't inquire into her private life. It's her own, just like yours is.

In addition, I don't recommend that you go looking for a hooker if you've been drinking heavily or if you're out carousing with the guys. No self-respecting working girl wants to take on a staggering idiot who might blow lunch at any second, or a group of assholes yelling for pussy. If you're sober, you won't lose either your wallet or your dignity, and you'll enjoy the whole experience more.

A word about venereal disease. The most prevalent forms in this country are syphilis, gonorrhea and venereal warts.

Syphilis has up to a three-month incubation period, which means that if you get a blood test, it might be negative weeks after your sexual adventure, but it wouldn't mean a thing. So do yourself a favor, whether you've developed any symptoms or not, and go to the local VD clinic *after* the three-month period. It won't cost you a penny, and it might save you a lot of grief.

Gonorrhea develops within two to six days; go to a doctor or clinic as soon as you suspect an abnormal discharge from your penis.

Venereal warts (herpes simplex II) will appear approximately two to 20 days after exposure. The warts are preceded by minor rashes or itching in the genital area. Treatments for the virus are still being tested.

Unfortunately, until prostitution becomes legal in every state, and until prostitutes are federally licensed and undergo mandatory and regular health checkups, the playacting and precautions I've described will be necessary. But they don't have to spoil your enjoyment of a most exciting purchase. Sex, after all, should be something to play at and have fun with, and my best advice is simply to relax and enjoy the rules of the game. You'll have more fun.

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Sex and the U.S. Supreme Court

An Analysis by Stanley Fleishman

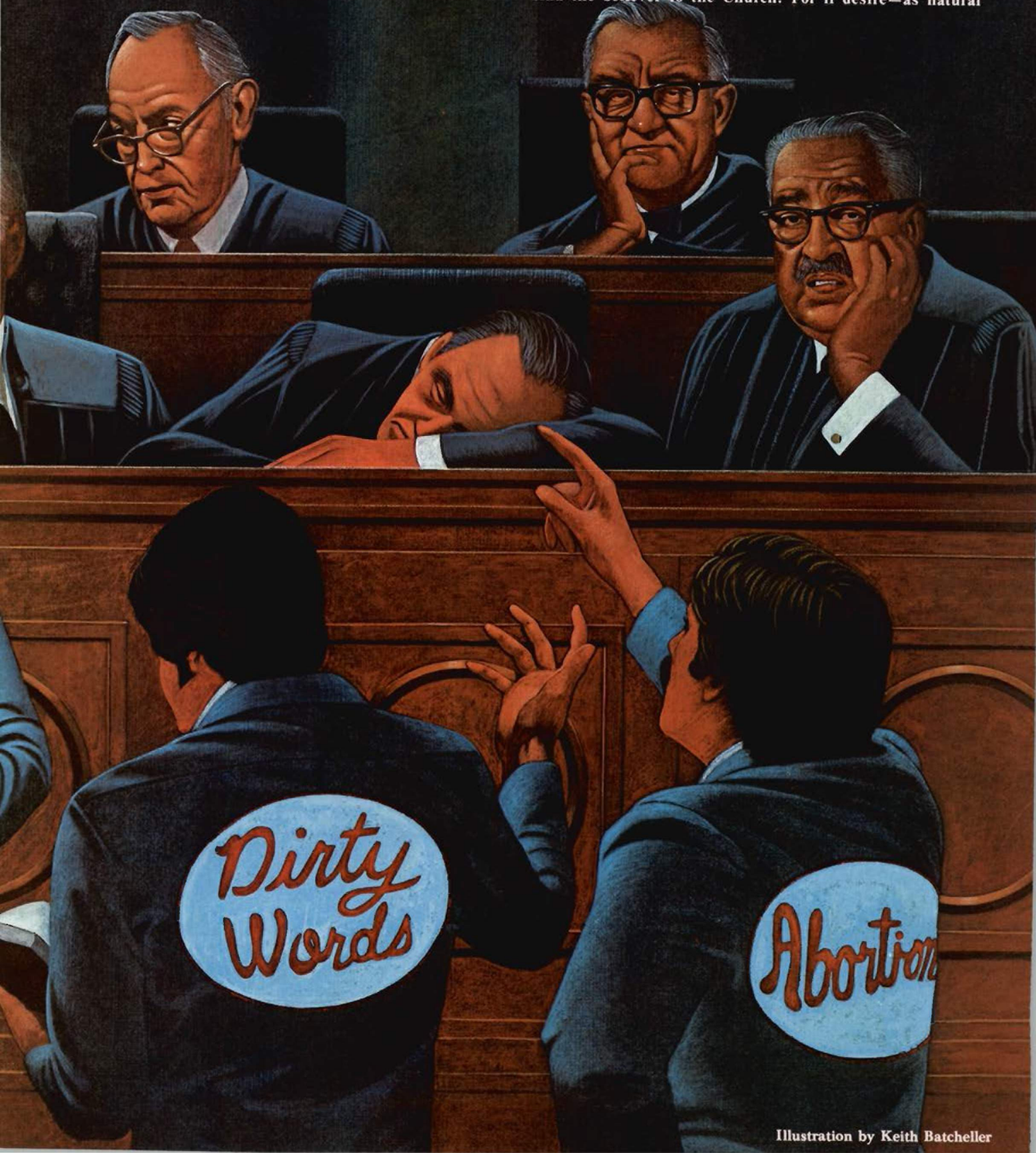


In 1962 the poet Allen Ginsberg, under the influence of a visit to a Chinese opium den, wrote a letter asking the following questions about our sex laws: "Are there really federal government laws regulating so personal a tickle as sex? Can it be possible that state governments have been dictating where and when we can sleep with our friends? Where does any politician get off controlling other men's penises? How can a bunch of ambitious lawyers calling themselves municipal government GET OFF telling women to whom they haven't even been introduced what these women

can do with their vaginas?"

The letter was published in the ill-fated magazine *Eros*, which in 1966 was found obscene by the United States Supreme Court, thereby earning its publisher, Ralph Ginzburg, a five-year prison term.

Prosecution of unorthodox sexual conduct and overtly erotic sexual expression has deep religious roots. Years ago, when ecclesiastical courts regulated society, Church leaders focused on sex as the prime manifestation of sin in order to bind the believer to the Church. For if desire—as natural



as birth or as sleep itself—is sinful, then the believer must always run back to the Church for forgiveness. Subsequently, when Church and State were separated, the sex laws were incorporated into the civil code. But it has not always been clear what these essentially religious laws are doing there.

Recently the United States Supreme Court has been struggling, tentatively and cautiously, with this vexing problem. In a series of confusing decisions it has set about attempting to reconcile our proud boasts—that we cherish freedom of expression (no matter how unorthodox and hateful) and that we afford our citizens maximum freedom of choice—with government persecution of individuals for engaging in “unorthodox” sexual conduct or giving expression to “offensive” sexual speech.

Obscenity: Thought Control of Sexual Expression

Over the past 22 years the Supreme Court has written approximately a half-million words unsuccessfully attempting to explain why obscenity is not “speech” and therefore not protected by the free-speech and free-press provisions of the First Amendment. In the *Roth-Alberts* case (1957) Justice William J. Brennan, speaking for a sharply divided Court, proclaimed that obscenity is not speech because it is “utterly without

redeeming social value.” Justice Brennan also stated that ordinary persons, and juries, are capable of readily separating “obscenity” from protected sex speech. After 16 years of wrestling with the obscenity problem Brennan reversed himself in the *Paris Adult Theater* case and concluded that obscenity was impossible to define and that the obscenity laws were nothing less than “thought control” laws.

From the first the clearest and most persistent voice opposing sex-and-obscenity laws was that of retired Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas. While on the bench he consistently expressed the view that it is not government’s function to invade an individual’s privacy or to attempt to impose an official set of values on the literature of the day.

Justice Douglas dissented in the 1957 case, expressing the view that obscenity laws constitute impermissible censorship by government over thoughts, beliefs, ideas and opinions found in books, magazines and films. He viewed the vague, incomprehensible and indefinite provisions of the obscenity laws as a blank check to judge and jury to convict those who circulate the press—without meaningful standards to guide the accused, the accuser or the jury. Under obscenity statutes, he said, “punishment is inflicted for thoughts

provoked, not for antisocial conduct.” If *the First Amendment guarantee of freedom of speech is to mean anything, he said, it must protect works that offend the moral code of the day.*

Justice Douglas considered neurotic those who—like the 19th-century warrior against obscenity, Anthony Comstock—believed that sex is sinful and its portrayal dangerous. Comstock, he observed, operated on the theory that every human being has an inborn tendency toward wrongdoing, which is restrained mainly by fear of the Final Judgment. In Comstock’s view any book that tended to remove this fear was a part of the trap created by Satan.

Comstock, of course, was not alone in associating sex with sin. Most Western religions have adopted that association in one degree or another. Saint Augustine, for example, based his connection between sexual intercourse and original sin on the virgin birth: Christ was born of a virgin because that was the only way he could avoid the contamination of original sin. From this came the perception of virginity as an inherently holy state and the identification of spiritual purity with sexual abstinence that still dominates the teachings of the Catholic Church.

The Church exhorts all women to imitate the virginity of Mary, because it is
(continued on page 46)

UNDERMINING THE AMERICAN JURY

From the middle of the 14th century until 1970 it was accepted that a trial by jury meant trial by 12 persons standing as a safeguard between an accused and the possibility of arbitrary law enforcement. For more than 500 years a 12-person jury was respected with reverence. The great English common-law authority, Sir Edward Coke, explained that the “number of 12 is much respected in holy writ, as 12 apostles, 12 stones, 12 tribes, etc.” In 1898 the United States Supreme Court held that the Constitutional right of trial by jury, coming down to us from the Magna Carta, meant a jury of 12 persons, “neither more nor less.”

In 1970, however, the U.S. Supreme Court changed its mind and concluded that a jury of only six persons did not offend the Constitution. The Court found little reason to think that a six-person jury is not large enough to promote group deliberation and to provide a fair possibility for obtaining a representative cross section of the community. This is particularly so, the Court said, “if the requirement of unanimity is retained.”

Two years later the Court—over bitter dissent—held that a unanimous jury is not necessary to convict an accused. Justice Potter Stewart, one of those dissenting, said the decision grossly undermined the Constitutional right to a fair criminal trial. Only a unanimous jury, he argued, “can serve to minimize the potential bigotry of those who might convict on inadequate evidence.”

In 1978 the Supreme Court held that while a six-person

jury met Constitutional standards, a five-person panel did not. In reversing an obscenity conviction returned by a Georgia jury of five persons, the Court said that recent studies lead it to conclude “that the purpose and function of the jury in a criminal case is Constitutionally impaired by a reduction in size from six to five members.”

The Court stated that there was a particular need for a representative jury in an obscenity case “where jurors must define and apply local standards” and where “the opportunity for harassment and overreaching by an overzealous prosecutor or a biased judge is significant.” Justice Douglas repeatedly emphasized that cases involving sex, obscenity and abortion are inflammatory and generate tremendous emotional outbursts. In such cases, he said, people instantly take sides, and the public—from which juries are drawn—makes up its mind one way or the other before the case is even argued.

The Supreme Court has recently agreed to review an obscenity conviction in Louisiana returned by a 5-1 vote of a six-person jury. Since the Court has already held that such a jury is sufficient and that unanimity is not required in a criminal case, it appears that the Court will address itself to the question of whether a defendant in an obscenity trial is entitled to certain protections from a jury that would not be available to a defendant in a different type of case.

The answer to this question will be forthcoming from the Court before it adjourns in June.
—Stanley Fleishman

THE ROCKY PORNO SHOW

The press has been on Sylvester "Sly" Stallone's back ever since the actor made the big time in 1976 with his primitive, exuberant portrayal of boxer Rocky Balboa, the punk contender who goes 15 rounds with the heavyweight champion. Barbed comments and envious sneers have appeared in magazines nationwide—from the *National Enquirer* to *Newsweek*. "Sly is a terrible pain in the ass" was one unnamed studio executive's comment about him. *Esquire* magazine wrote, "Folks say that Stallone is out of control and fast on his way to becoming the male Barbra Streisand."

Stallone's first major role following *Rocky* was in *F.I.S.T.*, which concerned the rise to power of a truckers' union leader. While the film was being shot on location in Iowa, the script's originator, Joe Eszterhas, called Sly an "egomaniac" in print and accused him of trying to steal his script. (Eszterhas had worked on the plot for two years before Stallone rewrote a major portion of it with director Norman Jewison.) Further horror stories that emerged from *F.I.S.T.*'s set in Dubuque described how the

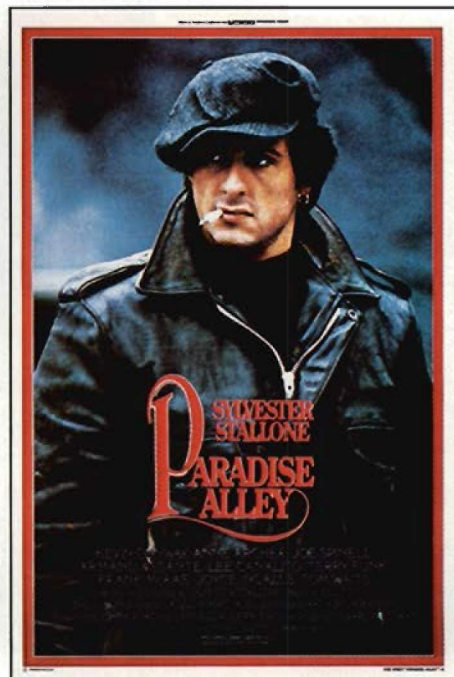
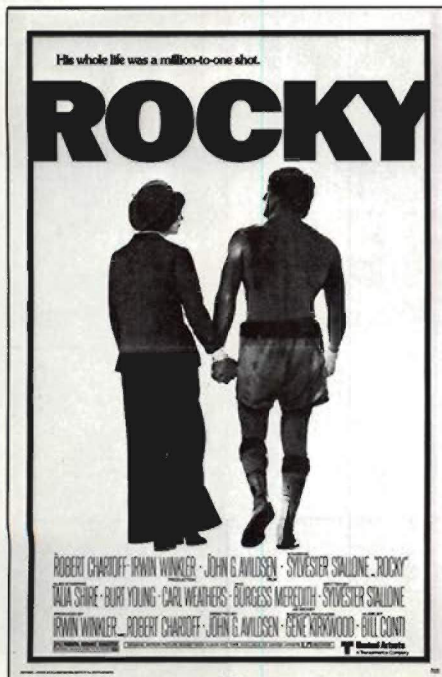


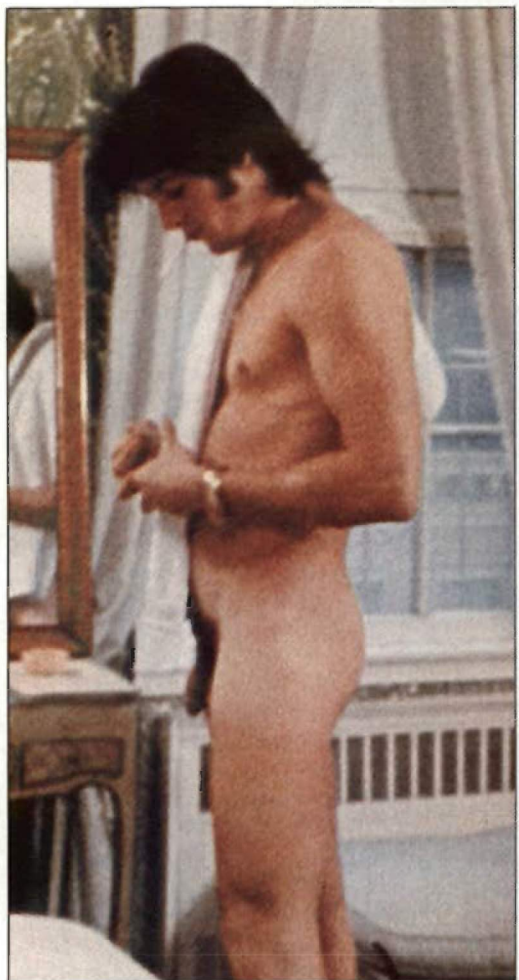
"Italian Stallion" denied crew members use of his bathroom, refused to work with actors who clocked in taller than his own five foot ten inches, and walked out on his wife, Sasha, after she'd busted her butt supporting them both through eight years of abject poverty.

The carping of Stallone's critics came to a head last year when it was discovered that in 1970 he'd played the male lead in an X-rated film. Originally entitled *Party at Kitty and Studs*, the movie is now being rereleased as *The Italian Stallion*. Stallone was paid \$100 a day for two days' work. One scene in the picture depicts Studs (Stallone) taking a shower with his girlfriend; in another he gets

head from her, then rips off her clothes prior to delivering a vicious beating with his belt because she bit his cock. There are several fuck scenes, the usual lesbian interlude and finally the all-night orgy from which the film derived its original title.

When the rights to the film were offered to Stallone for \$100,000, to "save him embarrassment," he responded by saying, "I wouldn't buy it for two bucks." As Herb Nanas,





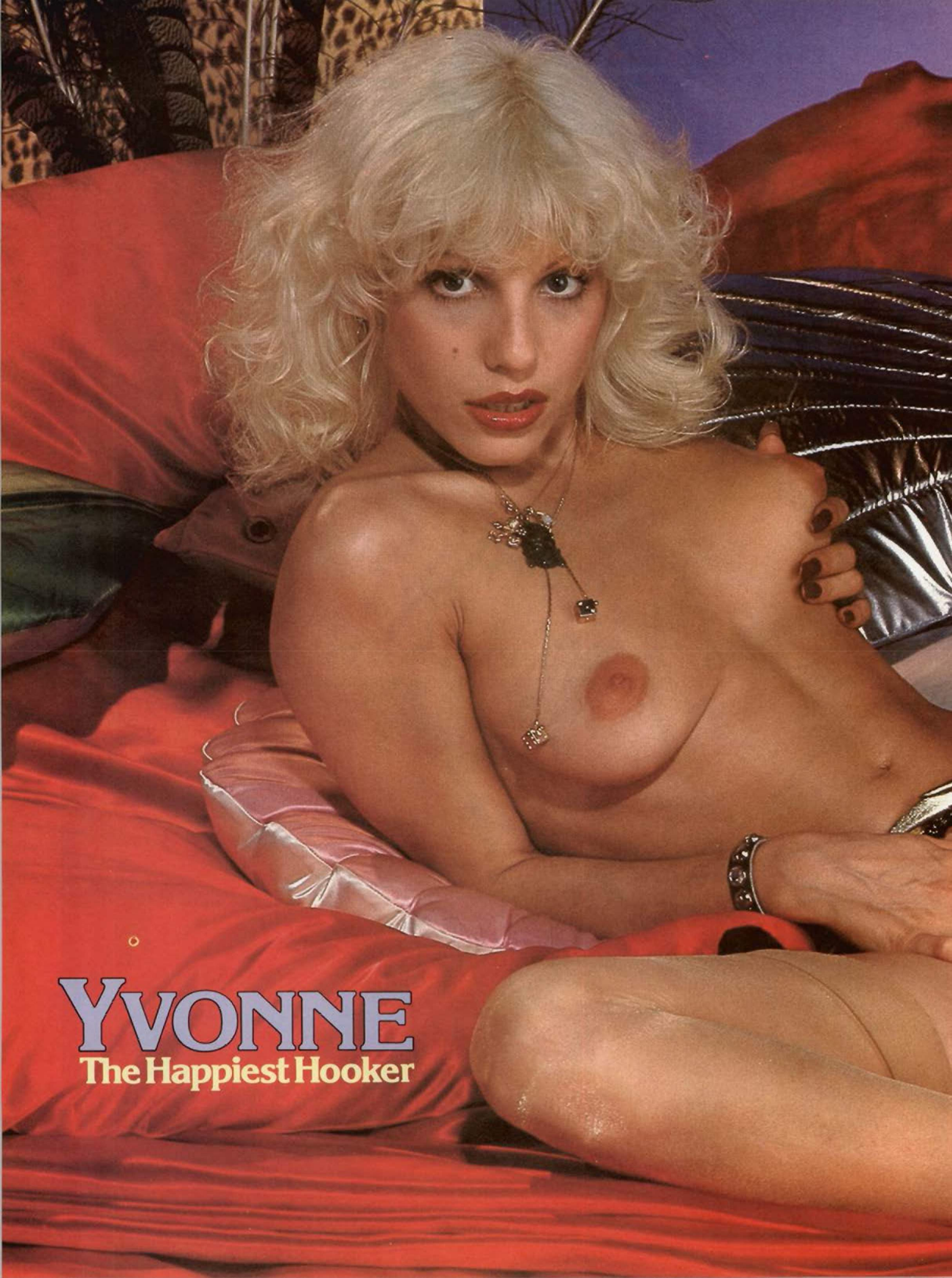
Stallone's longtime friend and agent, put it: "Sly regards this resurrection of the dead film as capitalizing on his popular name—but it doesn't bother him."

HUSTLER applauds that answer. Stallone made *The Italian Stallion* when \$200 meant the difference between eating and going hungry, and now that his career has vaulted him to international fame, he's no more embarrassed by having appeared in *Stallion* than he is for having appeared in *Death Race 2000*, a box-office bomb. Both films marked stages in his career—periods of process necessary to every creative person—and Stallone has nothing to be ashamed of.

Sly's reaction to the bullshit heaped on him by the straight media is refreshing. He refuses to be a one-dimensional product of Hollywood's holier-than-thou plastic morality. Instead, he presents a real person to the public—talented, flawed and authentically human—very much like Rocky Balboa. Now back with his family (and with his third major feature, *Paradise Alley*, grossing well), Sylvester Stallone is more than a contender. —M. S.







YVONNE
The Happiest Hooker









"Anyone who thinks that a prostitute does it only for the money is either from Mars or just plain crazy," says Yvonne, a highly contented lady of the night. "So many people think of hookers as cold, heartless women who have been forced into selling their bodies because of destitution or fear of a black pimp. This may be true for some girls, but I don't believe it accurately describes the majority. I love sex. I want to be as feminine and sexy as I can for my client. When I take my clothes off and see him get a

hard-on, my cunt gets so wet! And even when I'm alone, all I've got to do is think about a hard cock sliding into me, and I get shivers up and down my spine.

"Some of my favorite clients get off just by watching me undress in front of them. Sometimes I caress myself and put on a real show; it excites me just as much as it excites them. The secret of my success is really very simple: I treat my tricks as sensual beings. I only wish more hookers felt the same way. They'd be happier people, and their business would boom."







[HTTP://FREEMAGS.CC](http://freemags.cc)

woman's special path to holiness. Because obscenity is intended to arouse lustful thoughts and because such thoughts are considered sinful—as President Jimmy Carter reminded us in his *Playboy* interview—many religious leaders have entered the fray against obscenity.

It is one thing, of course, for religious organizations to be active and involved in attempting to suppress sexual activity and sexual expression. It is quite a different matter for the state to become implicated as a censor or guardian of individual morality.

If religious leaders can readily identify obscenity, then judges and juries have a more difficult time doing so. To be legally obscene the dominant theme of a book or magazine, taken as a whole, must appeal to the average person's "prurient interest" in sex.

Discussing this element of the test of obscenity, Justice Hugo L. Black stated in 1966 that it was apparent to him "that human beings, serving either as judges or juries, could not be expected to give any sort of decision... on whether a work appealed to prurient interest... which would even remotely promise any kind of predictability in the

law." Justice Black concluded that the obscenity law was the kind of law found in totalitarian regimes, and should not be tolerated in a free country.

Twelve years later, on July 25, 1978, a federal jury, sitting in Cleveland, adopted Black's words as its own. After a month-long trial in federal court a jury of seven women and five men acquitted Reuben Sturman and six of his associates of obscenity charges. Federal Judge William Thomas had instructed the jury that one of the tests of obscenity is whether or not it excites a "prurient" (i.e., shameful or morbid) interest in sex in the average person. After returning their verdict of not guilty, the jurors, in an unusual letter to Judge Thomas, wrote: "The major problem is that we are convinced that the average person has a normal, healthy response to sex. We don't believe the average person is capable of having a shameful or morbid interest in sex...."

Broadcasting Nonobscene "Dirty Words"

Having created a Constitutional disaster area in the law of obscenity, the Supreme Court, on July 3, 1978, opened the floodgates to additional attacks on freedom of expression. Just before the Court adjourned for its 1978 summer vacation, it decided the "Seven Dirty

Words" case. The case grew out of a broadcast of a George Carlin comedy record on radio station WBAI, Pacifica Foundation's noncommercial FM station in New York City. The record—*George Carlin, Occupation: Foole*—was broadcast in connection with a general discussion of contemporary society's attitude toward language. Carlin is a comedian of stature and a provocative social satirist. The controversial monologue is a biting commentary on what is *verboten* on radio and TV. Some brief quotations from the record give its flavor:

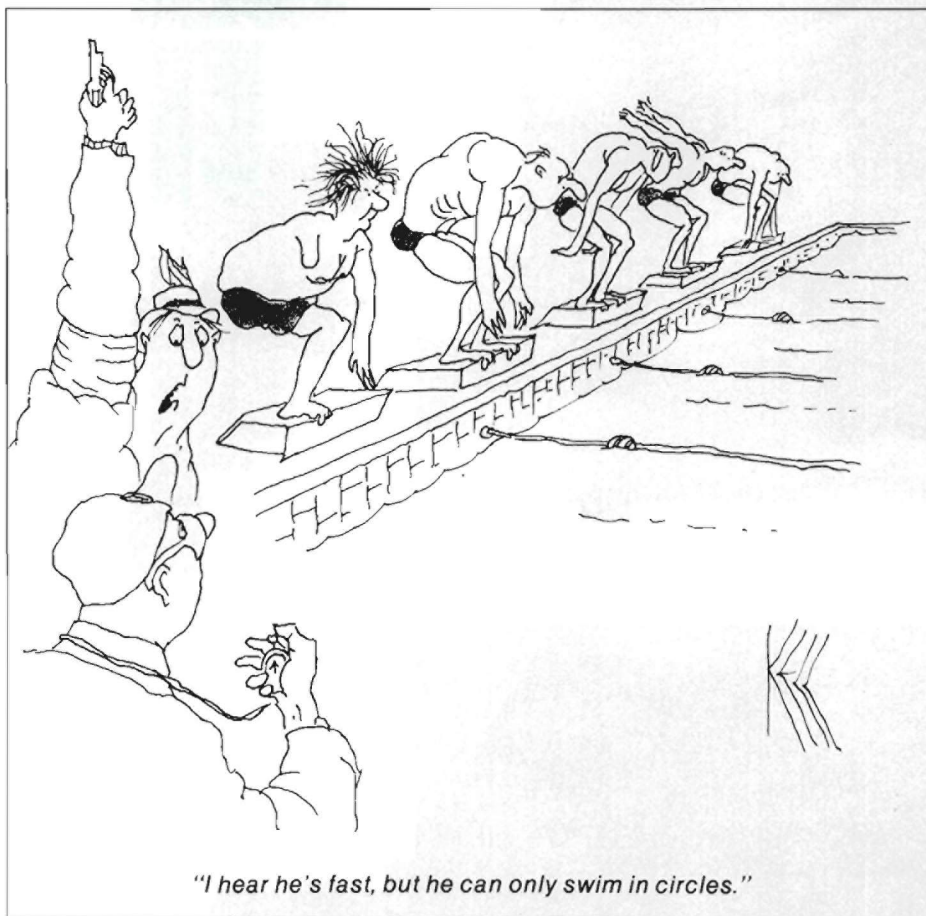
"I was thinking about the curse words and the swear words, the cuss words and the words that you can't say, that you're not supposed to say all the time... I was thinking one night about the words you couldn't say on the public airwaves, the ones you definitely couldn't say, ever... I have to figure out which ones you couldn't say ever, and it came down to seven, but the list is open to amendment... The original seven words were: *shit, piss, fuck, cunt, cocksucker, motherfucker and tits*. Those are the ones that will curve your spine, grow hair on your hands...."

A few weeks after the program a man who stated that he had heard the broadcast while driving with his son wrote a letter complaining to the Federal Communications Commission. The commission forwarded the complaint to the station for comment. In its response WBAI stated that George Carlin is a significant social satirist who in his recording examines the language of ordinary people. Carlin, the station explained, "is merely using words to satirize as harmless and essentially silly our attitudes toward those words."

After a hearing the commission, characterizing the words as "patently offensive," prohibited them from being broadcast at any time when "children" might be listening in significant numbers. Although the commission recognized that the words were not legally obscene, it found them "indecent" and stated that the "seven dirty words" have "no place on radio and that the claim that the words have literary, artistic or scientific value will not save them when children may be in the audience."

A sharply divided three-judge court reversed the FCC in a 2-1 decision. Chief Judge David L. Bazelon of the Court of Appeals was most critical of the commission and commenced his opinion by saying that "the FCC has demonstrated what one can most charitably describe as a total ignorance of the Constitutional definition of obscenity."

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"It's Pontius Pilate, Doc. He's out to get me!"



BENNY URQUIDEZ

THE BADDEST

DUDE IN

THE WORLD

The Urquidez Brothers' Karate Studio, looking somewhat squashed, sits between a self-service laundry and a Thai restaurant in one of the San Fernando Valley's countless lookalike shopping centers. Inside the building this evening a group of about 15 students dressed in starched white uniforms and different-colored belts is going through a regimen of exercises. At the front of the class a stocky, dark-skinned instructor, wearing a slightly rumpled outfit held together by a black belt, barks commands at the students. As the youngsters go through the various kick-punch combinations, the instructor—with a short bamboo staff in hand—prowls the room. Whenever it appears one of the pupils isn't giving his all to the workout, the dawdler receives a resounding whack on his butt or the back of his legs. The actual pain involved is probably less than the sound would indicate, but it's enough to please a group of mothers sitting scrunched together on a wooden bench in the back of the studio. Not only are their kids being taught self-defense—they're learning the art of discipline as well.

At 8:30 the class breaks up, and the kids and their mothers head home. Benny Urquidez, one of the brothers who own the karate school, looks tired as he takes off his top and chucks the sweat-soaked garment in a corner. But rather than shower up and call it a night, Benny dons a pair of six-ounce boxing

gloves, goes over to the heavy bag hanging in the corner and begins methodically banging away at it.

A minute or so later a bell rings, but Benny doesn't seem to hear it as he continues pounding away. At the sound a stubble-faced man wearing a red sweatshirt sticks his head out of an office door. "Three minutes, champ. Remember what I told you. You *rest* when that bell rings. Then you go two more rounds with the hands, then three with the legs."

Benny nods, and when the bell rings again, he resumes punching, bobbing and weaving, sticking the bag with short jabs, looking more like a boxer than a martial artist. At the end of three "rounds" he takes off the gloves and begins kicking at the bag. He starts somewhat tentatively, kicking lightly—just flicking the leg outward, almost as if it were a jab. But as the minutes pass, the kicks get harder and harder, and soon the bag is swinging back and forth in time with Benny's flying feet. The *pop! pop!* sound echoes through the room.

The stubble-faced man has now emerged from the office. He stands watching, his arms folded and brows knitted. "Don't just put that kick out there, brother—*snap it!*" he orders.

Arnold Urquidez is Benny's older brother. He's also his trainer and manager, and the reason for solemnity here is that Benny isn't simply another martial-arts practitioner. He's a pro-

PROFILE BY STUART GOLDMAN

Photo by Robert Reiff

professional full-contact karate fighter, who at 26 holds the title of World Lightweight Full-Contact Karate Champion. Of the five brothers and one sister in the Urquidez family—all of whom hold black belts not only in karate but also in judo, aikido and kendo—Benny is the only one to have turned professional. And now that he's earning up to five figures per fight, the workout this evening is serious business.

"OK, champ, that's it," says Arnold. "You've got ten miles to run, then you get your ass home and get some sleep. We've got a fight next week."

Benny nods at his brother. Then, without looking at the bag behind him, he jumps straight up, turning 180 degrees in midair. At the completion of the half-circle—with the full impetus of the turn behind the motion—he whacks the bag with the heel of his foot, sending it flying almost off its chain. When he turns back toward Arnold, there is the slightest trace of a grin on his face.

"Nice one, bro'," Arnold says. "But better not use that jump-spin kick in the ring, or somebody's liable to take your head off."

The only sound in the studio is the squeaking of the bag as it rocks back and forth on its chain. "OK. You might as well get that run over with," says

Arnold, breaking the momentary silence. "C'mon. Move it!"

The next instant Benny is out the front door and into the streets of the San Fernando Valley.

Full-contact karate has little to do with the sort of histrionics one sees in a Bruce Lee movie—or even with what is taught in a conventional martial-arts class. It is, in fact, an outgrowth of Thailand's oldest and most popular sport, known as Muay-Thai, or kickboxing.

Today, while kickboxing is still popular in Thailand, it's even more popular in Japan. And the Japanese kickboxers have taken over the Thais' reputation as being the most brutal fighters in the world.

In a kickboxing match two fighters square off in a ring approximately the size of an American boxing ring; and each fighter wears eight-ounce gloves. But there the comparison with boxing ends. In kickboxing, opponents go at each other with fists, feet, knees, elbows and head-butts. The only prohibitions are choking, biting and spitting. A match consists of nine two-minute rounds, and the victor wins by decision or knockout. Rarely, though, does a fight go the distance.

Still, if kickboxing looks like an any-

thing-goes free-for-all, it's come a long way from the days when contestants fought bare-fisted and without rules. It was customary then to bind the hands with strips of horsehide soaked in glue so as to inflict maximum damage on one's opponent. For some matches ground glass was mixed in with the glue. Fighters fought until one was unable to continue because of injury or death.

In the United States full-contact karate, the equivalent of kickboxing, is only a little more than five years old, but it's rapidly gaining popularity. Like Muay-Thai fighters, full-contact karate people make use of the standard front and side kicks, but they also employ the more colorful jumping, spinning and flying kicks. The resulting matches are more exciting and spectacular than boxing. This, along with the blood and guts of the sport, seems to provide an unbeatable combination. Rudolf Nureyev, the celebrated ballet dancer, after seeing his first match, commented on the similarity between the moves of the martial artists and those of people in his profession. He called full-contact "the most beautiful and awful of sports."

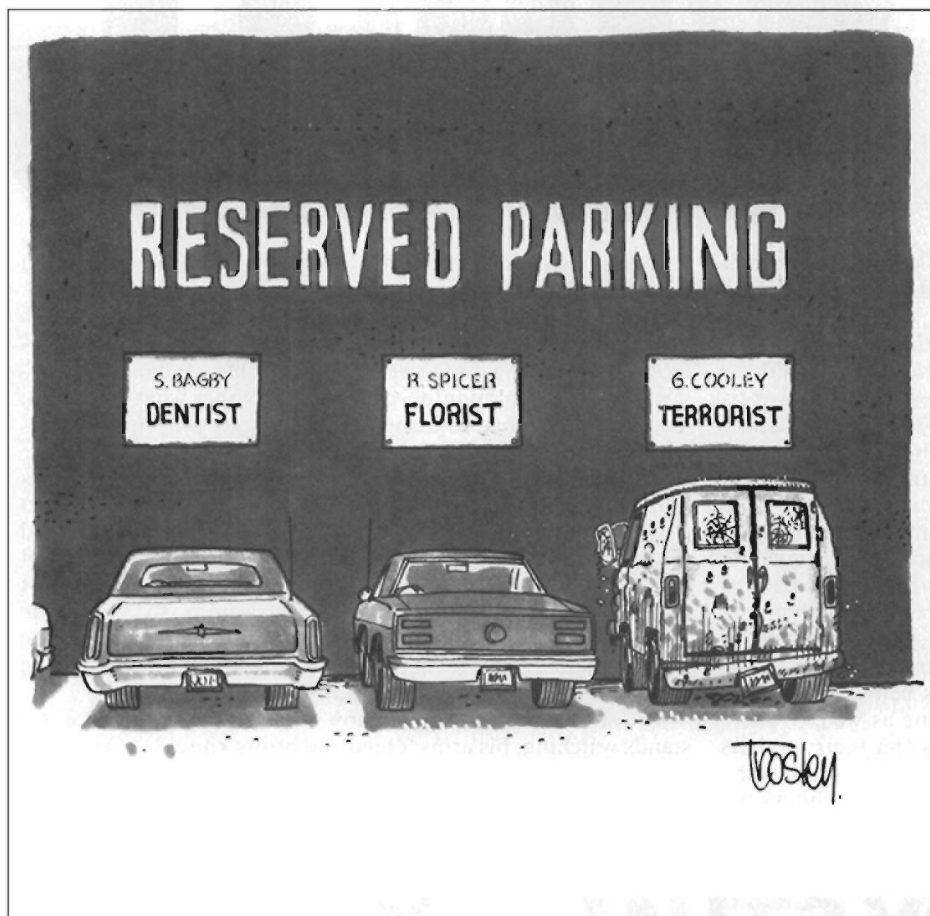
Not surprisingly, the main critics of full-contact are the traditional karate practitioners, who feel that the sport is undermining the "real" spirit of karate. The Urquidez brothers regard this as so much doubletalk.

"In the first place, full-contact is completely different from traditional," says Benny, who has spent years practicing both. "In traditional karate you learn how to break ribs, joints, or even to jerk the other guy's eyeballs out of his head. It's the art of maiming and killing in its purest form. So what you've got is a sport versus a method of self-defense. But I'll tell you something," he continues. "I've been in both traditional and full-contact, and as far as I'm concerned at least 50 percent of what they teach you in regular karate is bullshit."

"The whole martial-arts world is shrouded in mysticism. But most of it's just hype. It's easy to see why people are attracted to it. You know—everyone wants to feel they've got the inside dope on some mysterious Oriental art. But see, my brothers and I were all street-fighters before any of us ever got into martial arts. So naturally we were a bit suspicious of the whole so-called spiritual side.

"For us, fighting was no joke. A lot of times our lives depended on it. So when we fought, it was for real. We didn't believe in leaving the other guy standing up, because he might come back and

(continued on page 99)



HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU,
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU,
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DEAR.....



PANDORA'S BOX









When Pandora plans on going out for the evening, she tries to catch a few rays during the day... just in case some young dude takes a shine to her moves at the disco.

"But lying in the sun can be boring," she claims. "So I usually try to catch up on my reading." Since there really aren't any quality sex books for women, Pandora leans to the old standards, mostly romantic novels.

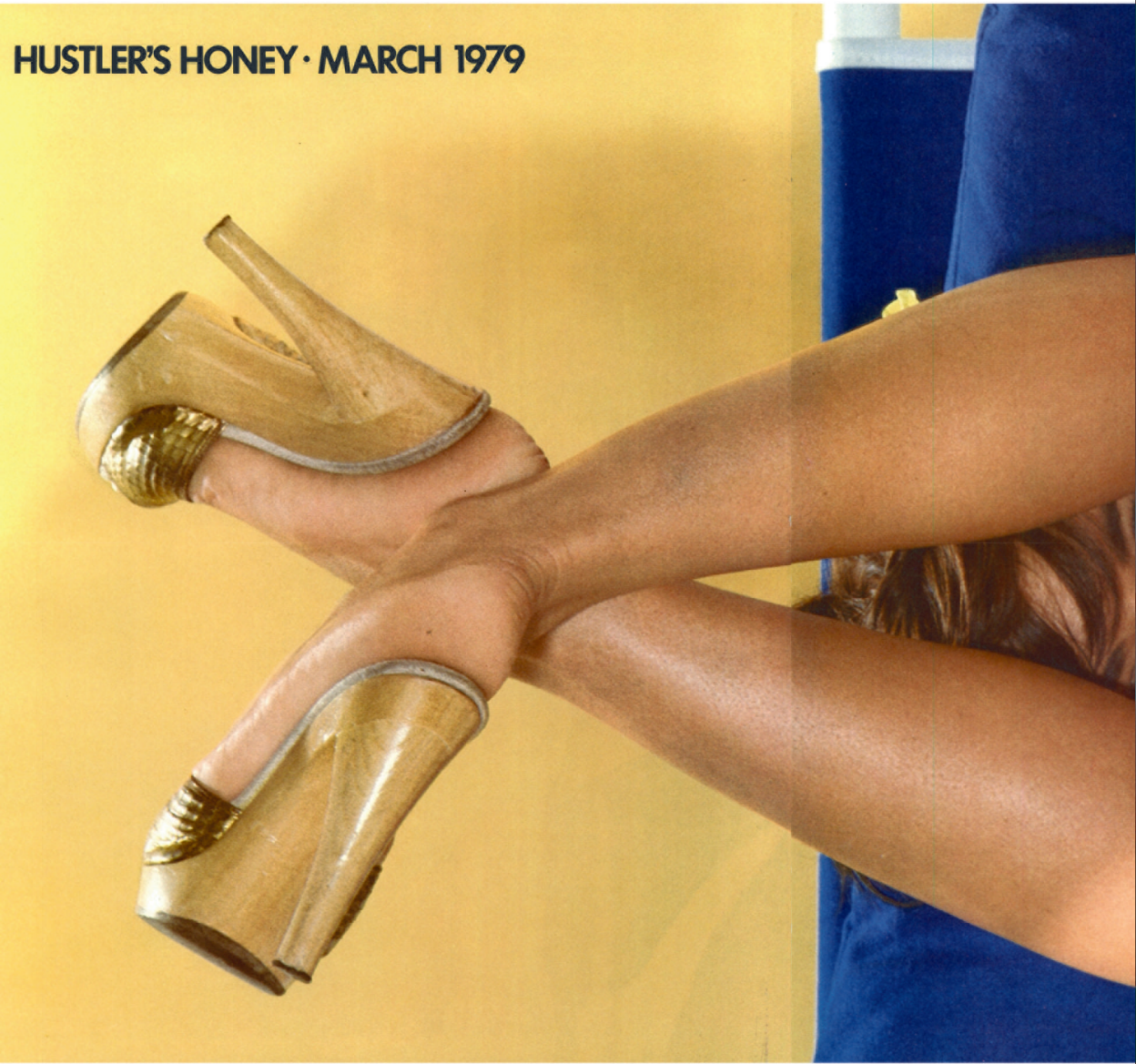
After an hour or so by the pool, with the hot sun beating down on her body, Pandora will concentrate on the horny passages in the stories. "Pretty soon," she says, "I'll fantasize being the heroine, and I'll masturbate slowly and release some pent-up passion."

But she's careful not to let it all out. The rest she saves for after the sun goes down—for the man she chooses to be her hero for the night.





HUSTLER'S HONEY • MARCH 1979







It's been reported from the Vatican that Pope John Paul II has performed his first miracle: The Polish pontiff made a deaf man blind.

The *HUSTLER* Dictionary defines *the first black test-tube baby* as. Janitor in a Drum.

A drunk walked into a bar and ordered a beer and whiskey. Looking down at the end of the bar, he spotted a beautiful young Indian girl sipping a Coke. When he told the bartender to give her a *real* drink, the bartender refused, saying that the C.P. would be after him for serving a minor. "What the hell is the C.P.?" asked the drunk.

"It's the City Police," the bartender replied.

The drunk finished his first round of drinks and then ordered another, again requesting that the bartender set up one for the Indian girl too. But again the bartender turned him down. This time he said the S.P. would get after him.

"And what the hell's the S.P.?" demanded the drunk.

"That's the State Police," the bartender said.

Just then the Indian girl got up and walked out. The drunk jumped up and followed her out the door. Half an hour later he staggered back into the bar, his face covered with blood and his nose broken.

"The F.B.I. got me!" moaned the drunk.

"What do you mean, the F.B.I.?" the bartender asked.

"A fuckin' *big* Indian!"

Harry wanted to do away with his wife, so he asked his best friend, a doctor, for some pills to poison her. The doctor, trying to appease Harry, told him that since a drug would be detected in an autopsy, he should instead go home and have intercourse with his wife eight times a day for three weeks.

A month passed, and the doctor didn't hear a word from Harry, so he decided to drop by Harry's house to see how things were going. There the doctor saw a shriveled-up old man sitting in a rocking chair on the porch. It was Harry! He had aged so rapidly that the doctor couldn't believe his eyes.

Just then Harry's wife came bouncing out of the front door—looking like a 20-year-old in her red shorts and carrying a tennis racket in her hand. She flashed a big smile at the doctor as she headed for the courts. Harry whispered to the doctor as his wife disappeared down the street, "Just look at her, Doc—smiling and looking so good. She doesn't even know she's about to die!"

Looking for a good time, Joe went to a strip joint. As a stripper came onstage, he hollered, "Take it off!" The man in front of Joe turned around and told him to shut up. Joe apologized, saying it was just his enthusiasm. Later the stripper peeled off her dress, and Joe again screamed, "Take it off!" The fellow in front told him to shut up or he'd call the manager. Joe apologized. Throughout the show every time Joe was told to shut up, he said, "I'm sorry, it's just my enthusiasm." Finally the stripper removed her G-string, and the crowd went crazy—all except Joe. That confused the fellow in front. He turned around and asked, "Where's your enthusiasm now, buddy?"

"All over your back, pal."

Two men were sitting on a park bench, and one of them was shaking quite visibly. "What happened to you?" the second man asked the first.

"I was at the zoo when a lion broke out of its cage and started chasing me. So I ran down the street and rounded the corner, but the lion slid around the corner after me. Then I ran down the next block and went around the corner, and the lion again slid around the corner after me."

"If it had been me, I would have shit in my pants!" said the second man.

"What do you think the lion was sliding on?" the first man replied.

A middle-aged man was selling fresh strawberries door-to-door. At one house an attractive woman answered the door. The man explained to her that he was selling fresh strawberries, and the woman said that she

was interested, but that he should go around back. As he went around the side of the house and approached the back door, the woman opened it wide. She was stark naked! Seeing her, the man started sobbing uncontrollably. Confused, the woman asked him why he was so upset.

He replied, "Last month I lost my job, two weeks ago my wife left me, and yesterday my house burned down. Now I'm gonna get fucked out of my strawberries!"

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, how about sending it our way? Submit your joke on a file card, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: *HUSTLER Humor*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. If your joke is selected, we will send you \$25. Sorry, but we can't return submissions. 🐾





Cold War Colonialism

U.S. SCHOOLS FOR DICTATORS

"Probably the greatest return on our military-assistance investment comes from the training of selected officers and key specialists at our military schools and training centers in the United States and overseas. These students are handpicked by their countries to become instructors when they return home. They are the coming leaders, the men who will have the know-how, and impart it to their forces. I need not dwell upon the value of having in positions of leadership men who have firsthand knowledge of how Americans do things and how they think. It is beyond price to us to make friends of such men."

—U.S. Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, addressing the U.S. House of Representatives Appropriations Committee, 1963

★ ★ ★

On January 10, 1978, Pedro Joaquin Chamorro Cardenal, recipient of Columbia University's 1977 Maria Moors Cabot Award for Journalism, was murdered in downtown Managua, Nicaragua. Four men armed

ARTICLE BY DANIEL KAGAN



with machine guns forced his car to the curb and sprayed the vehicle with bullets. Chamorro was shot 18 times. He was the outspoken editor and publisher of *La Prensa*, the only newspaper in Nicaragua that stands in opposition to the military dictatorship of General Anastasio "Tachito" Somoza Debayle.

Nicaragua has been cited repeatedly by Amnesty International for violations of human rights. Cases have been documented in which entire villages of men, women and children have been shot down in cold blood by the Guardia Nacional, that country's combined army and national police force. Before Tachito's father (another military dictator) was assassinated, the current Somoza inherited the leadership of the Guardia Nacional, whose "death squads" of off-duty policemen had been known to murder those considered to be a threat to the government. (Incidents of torture are still common.)

Anastasio Somoza—whose family has ruled Nicaragua since 1933—is a tough, seasoned general, and the grip of his military and economic will is felt throughout his country. He is good at his job, and his competence reflects his training, for he is a 1946 graduate of what is probably the best military academy in the world: West Point.

Although the current revolutionary

situation in Nicaragua makes him the most visible product of the U.S. policy of providing such training to the military and social elite of allied nations, Somoza is only one of more than 428,000 foreign officers and enlisted men trained in the United States through 1973. The accomplishments of these trainees read like a *Who's Who* of international military politics, insurgency and guerrilla warfare. The list includes members of the current ruling military junta of Chile, military leaders in Brazil and Argentina, and members of the various powerful families that control huge blocks of the military and economic structures in Panama, Ecuador and other Latin American countries. For example, the sons and grandsons of the late iron-handed Rafael Trujillo, dictator of the Dominican Republic for 32 years, have all attended military-training schools in the U.S.

This information is hardly new. It can be found in the monthly reports from the North American Congress on Latin America (NACLA), in printouts and reports from the Institute for Policy Studies and in the texts of numerous acts of Congress. America has been training foreign nationals in its military institutions since the 1800s. These training programs are part of the much larger and more complex web of U.S. foreign

policy, and that policy's knotted skein of connections with American investments abroad.

The basic logic of foreign policy may be reduced to one oversimplified statement: "Take care of your friends and they'll take care of you." If your ally needs food, feed him; if he needs guns, arm him; if he seems ignorant of modern weapons, train him. In return, he'll look out for your interests in his homeland, and he might side with you if war erupts.

In many of the nations whose military we train, the armies are not subordinate to any other branch of the government. In these countries (Latin America offers the most convenient examples, though there are many others) the military is a power elite, an autonomous force that shapes the nature of civil government. In countries where there is no outright military dictatorship, the civil government often exists merely at the behest of the military and is a figurehead only—a puppet show of politicians created to give the illusion of democratic structure.

In part, this is because that's the way things are in those countries. But in too many cases it is also due to the influence of U.S. foreign policy.

This policy has evolved over the last 50 years, reaching its final form after the Cuban Revolution. In 1961, two years following the Castro takeover, Professor Lucian Pye of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology wrote that emerging nations should not be "deprived" of military intervention in their development and that "it may be essential for the military to assume many civil affairs and functions and *operate even as the prime institution of government in certain regions*" (emphasis added). In 1969, Nelson Rockefeller called the military of many emerging nations "the essential force of constructive social change."

Military dictatorships in other countries seem to appeal to the shapers of U.S. foreign policy. Why? Because a dictatorship is a very convenient form of government for serving U.S. interests. Its direction is predictable, since its actions are linked to the wishes and ambitions of one man or, at most, of a small group. So much the better if those men and their officers have been trained in the U.S.—they'll tend to act to preserve American business and political interests back home. So our policy of training foreign military personnel is actually one means of controlling, as much as possible, what goes on in those nations.

We do not *train* foreign soldiers and police officers to be torturers, murderers

(continued on page 80)



"This may hurt a bit, darling."

LUGGAGE PICK-UP



troosley.



Male for Sale

Male hooking is one aspect of prostitution in this country that is generally ignored. Nevertheless, it remains a way of life for many young men and a ritual for hundreds of sexually frustrated and usually affluent women. If you saw these women in the privacy of their suburban homes, you'd probably conclude that they were straitlaced society matrons, well-respected in the upper fringes of their communities. Unfortunately, because of the mores of a sexually repressive society that were prevalent when they were growing up, there is little open, honest communication between these women and their husbands. As is often the case when frustration reaches its peak, passion held in check finally breaks free of the reins of "socially acceptable" conduct.

The sex action these women require is, for the most part, pedestrian; they simply need to be held and fucked, without being judged on the basis of what a woman *should* feel or do. Little wonder that such women feel forced to seek a young, hot stud in an environment where they can remain anonymous—and where their sexuality and openness will be welcomed, not condemned.























DICTATORS

(continued from page 66)

and dictators, of course, but we know that they will become these things when they return home. What, then, is our responsibility? As long as they fulfill their part of the bargain, strengthening their countries' allegiance to the U.S. and protecting our commercial interests there, we continue to provide training, despite the fact that their new skills and disciplines may ultimately be exercised against their own citizens to deprive them of basic human rights.

The monolith of military education in the U.S. is divided into three sections. First, there are the special training schools run directly by the U.S. Army, Navy and Air Force, facilities that act as a kind of graduate school for Americans and foreigners who meet the armed forces' qualifications as "highly motivated officers [who] presently occupy or are destined to occupy influential positions in their armies or governments."

Then there are the well-known national service academies—the U.S. Military Academy (West Point), the U.S. Naval Academy (Annapolis) and the U.S. Air Force Academy at Colorado Springs.

Finally, there are the civilian military

colleges—private or state-supported institutions whose students are members of a corps of cadets. They wear uniforms and live under a military code, but they are not members of the armed forces. They do this voluntarily, fulfilling their officer-training (ROTC) requirements until graduation.

THE SPECIAL TRAINING SCHOOLS

In 1975, \$226.5 million of the U.S. defense budget was spent for military-training purposes. Of this amount, approximately \$95 million was allocated to the training of foreign military personnel at the following special training schools.

U.S. Army School of the Americas (USARSA), Fort Gulick, Panama Canal Zone. This is the only special training school to cater exclusively to Latin American military personnel, who are screened by U.S. military groups and military attaches. There is a strong emphasis on all phases of military training, with particular attention paid to counterinsurgency, antiguerrilla tactics and criminal-investigation techniques.

The North American Congress on Latin America's January 1976 Report states that USARSA graduates have risen to top positions in their governments. In October 1973 more than 170 graduates

(out of a total of 33,147) were heads of state, cabinet ministers, commanding generals or directors of intelligence in their countries. And military coups in Peru, Bolivia, Panama and Chile have been carried out by officers who had attended USARSA.

Nicaragua's Guardia Nacional (the same group that machine-gunned the crowd at Pedro Chamorro's funeral) claims the highest number of USARSA graduates—4,525. The armed forces of Chile, where thousands of people were tortured and murdered in the process of Pinochet's military overthrow of the Allende government, can boast 2,131 USARSA graduates as of September 1975, according to the NACLA.

U.S. Army Infantry and Ranger School, Fort Benning, Georgia. This school has been educating foreign officers since 1939. NACLA figures indicate that more than 200 military personnel from 28 countries attended in 1975.

The John F. Kennedy School of Military Assistance, Fort Bragg, North Carolina. Originally called the U.S. Army Psychological Warfare School, the Kennedy facility has provided hundreds of Latin American soldiers with intensive training in "riot control, counter guerrilla operations... and other subjects which will contribute to the maintenance of the public order," including techniques in the "identification of the insurgent apparatus and the neutralization of the leadership." *Neutralization* is an old doubletalk word from Vietnam days: It means assassination.

The U.S. Army Command and General Staff College, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. This is the highest-level U.S. military-training facility that can be attended by foreign nationals, who must hold a rank of major or above to gain admittance. The NACLA Report yields some interesting figures here: Of the more than 3,500 foreign officers graduated from this facility since 1894, 12 became heads of state or premiers, 112 became ambassadors or cabinet ministers, 80 became commanders of national armed services, and 922 became general officers.

Inter-American Defense College, Washington, D.C. This facility is funded by the Organization of American States (OAS) and serves only students from Latin America. Its entrance requirements are stiff—a rank of lieutenant colonel or above, prior graduation from any advanced college, and military command experience. Only the *creme de la creme* attend here.

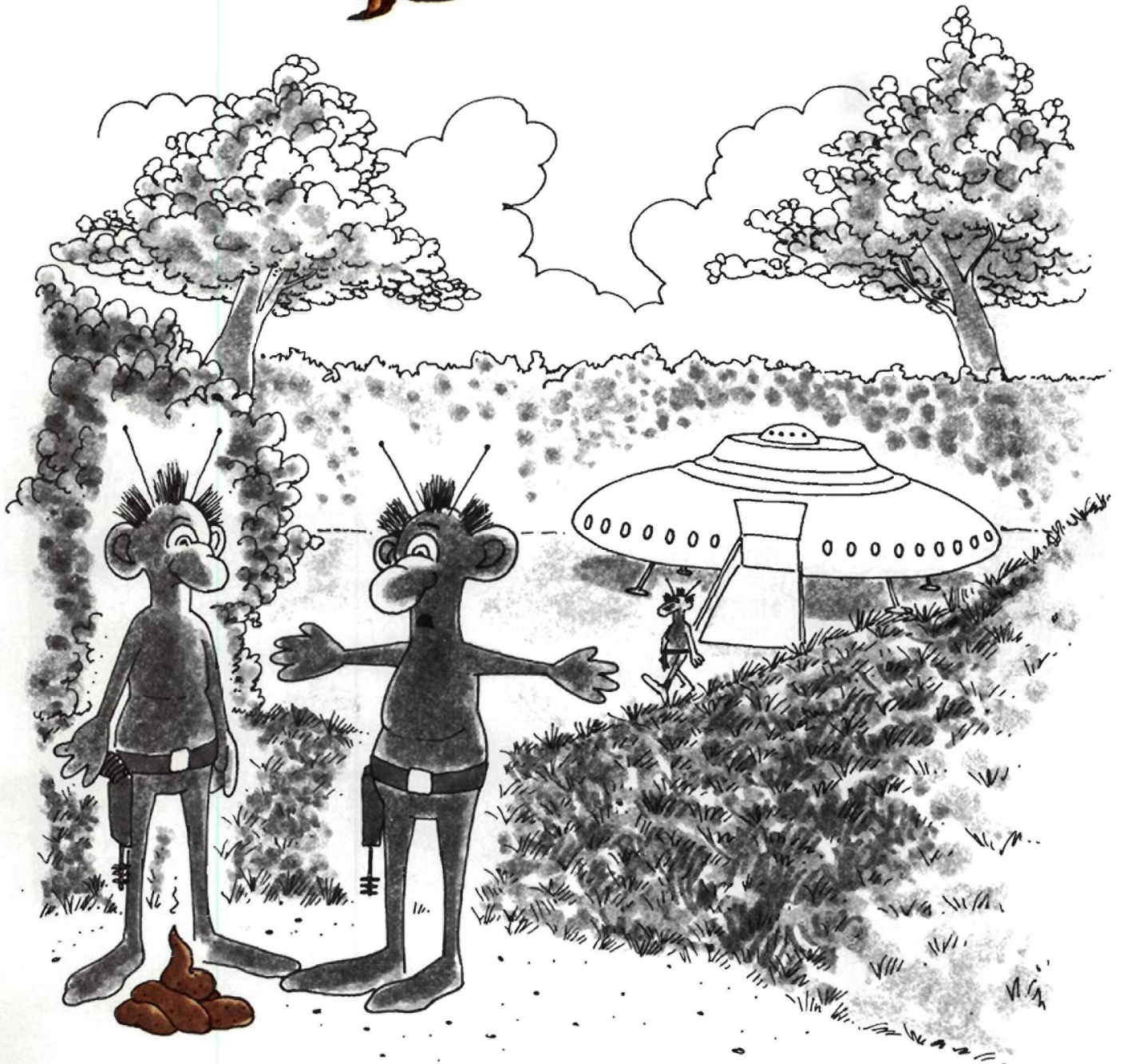
These five special training schools are only a segment of the high-level U.S. military-training matrix catering to

(continued on page 106)



Shitty Subjects...

By
DANIEL B. TINSLEY

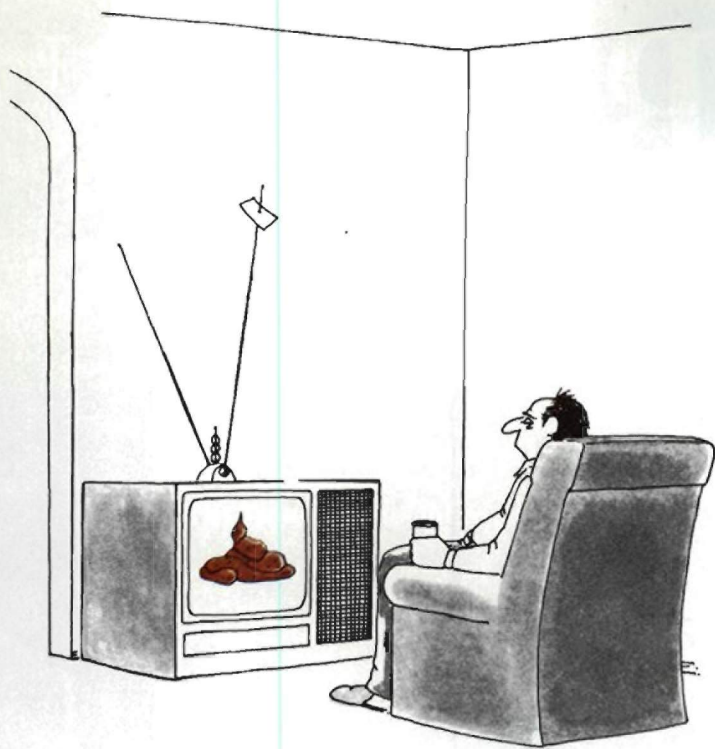


"Don't just sit there—take us to your leader!"



"Hmmm. . . I think we've found the reason for those headaches of yours, Mr. Coolidge."





BREAK-IN

Fiction by Charles Bukowski

It was one of the outer rooms of the first floor. I stumbled on something—I think it was a footstool—and I almost went down. I banged into a table to hold myself up.

"That's right," said Harry, "wake up the whole fucking household."

"Look," I said, "what are we going to get here?"

"Keep your fucking voice down!"

"Harry, do you have to keep saying fucking?"

"What are you, a fucking linguist? We're here for cash and jewels."

I didn't like it. It seemed like total insanity. Harry

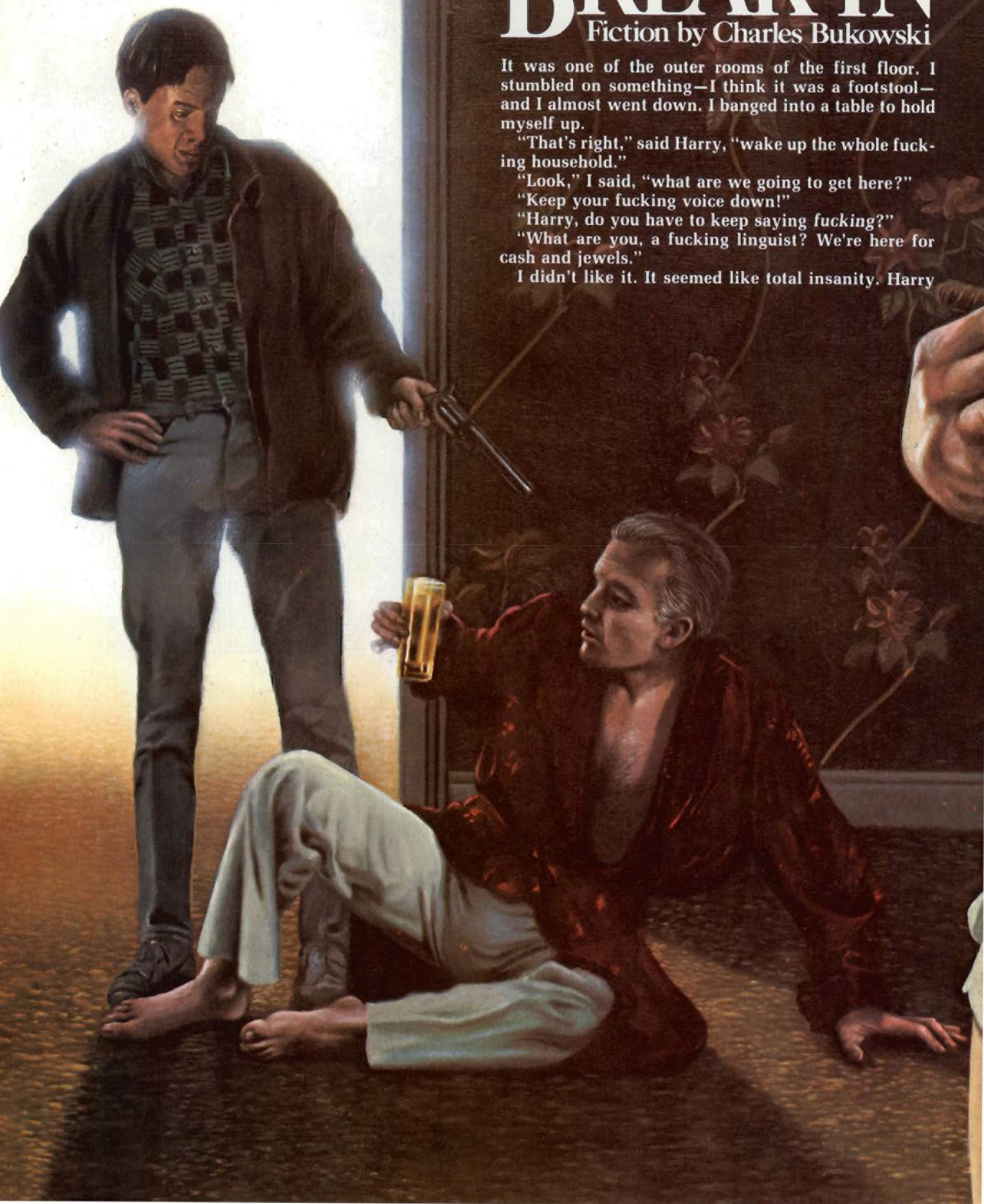
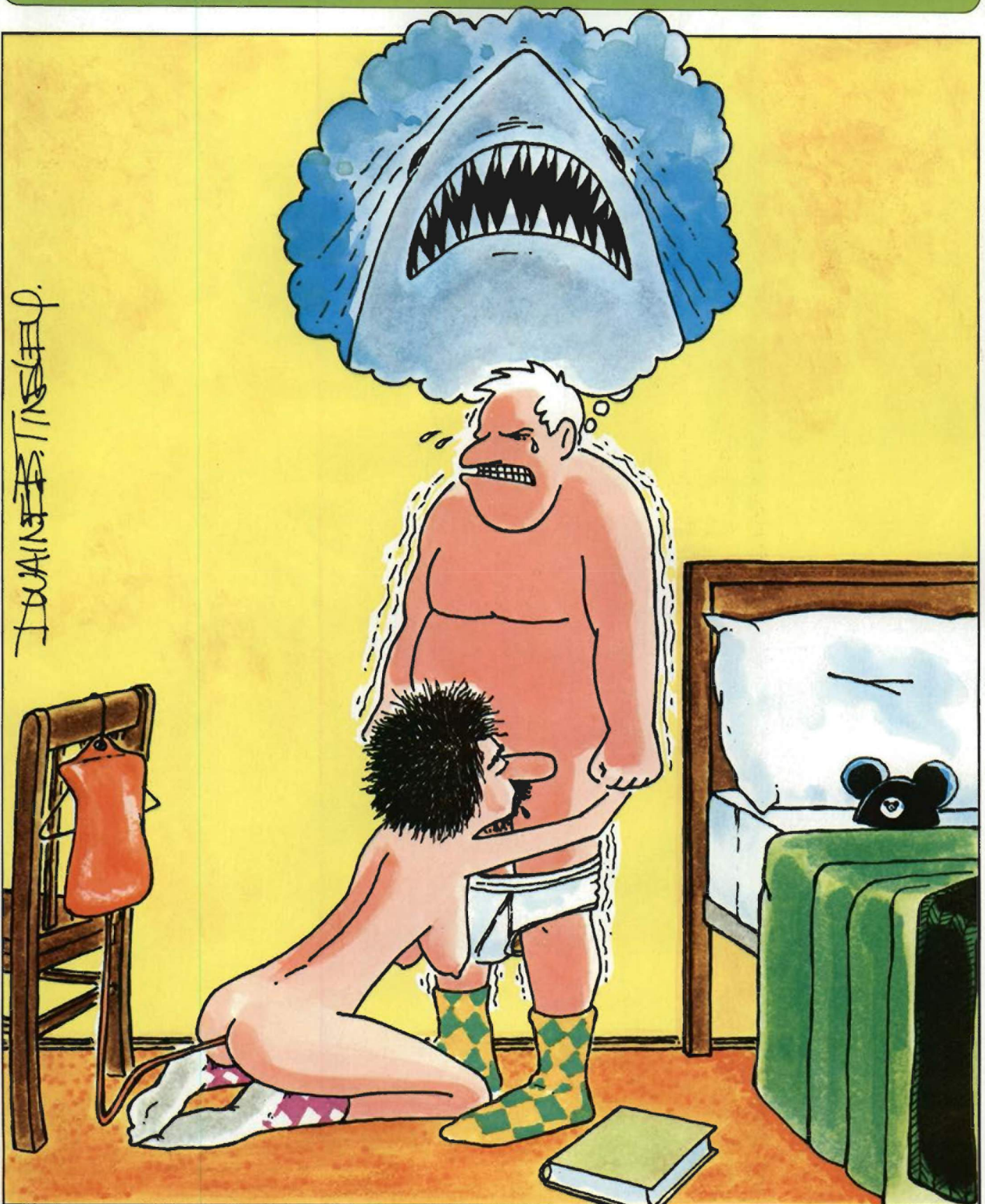




Illustration by Dan Kirk

CHESTER & HESTER



was crazy; he'd been in and out of madhouses. Between that and doing time he'd spent three-quarters of his adult life in lockup. He'd talked me into the thing. I didn't have much resistance.

"This damn country," he said. "There are too many rich pricks having it too easy." Then Harry banged into something. "Shit!" he said.

"Hello? What is it?" We heard a man's voice coming from upstairs.

"We're in trouble," I said. I could feel the sweat dripping down from my armpits.

"No," said Harry, "he's in trouble."

"Hello," said the man upstairs. "Who's down there?"

"Come on," Harry told me.

He began walking up the stairway. I followed him. There was a hallway, and there was a light coming from one of the rooms. Harry moved quickly and silently. Then he ran into the room. I was behind him. It was a bedroom. A man and a woman were in separate beds.

Harry pointed his .38 Magnum at the man. "All right, buddy, if you don't want your balls blown off, you'll keep it quiet. I don't play."

The man was about 45, with a strong and imperial face. You could see he had had it his own way for a long time. His wife was about 25, blond, long hair, truly beautiful. She looked like an ad for

something or other.

"Get the hell out of my house!" the man said.

"Hey," Harry said to me, "you know who this is?"

"No."

"It's Tom Maxson, the famous news broadcaster, Channel 7. Hello, Tom—"

"Get out of here! NOW!" Maxson barked.

He reached out and picked up the phone. "Operator—"

Harry ran up and slammed him across the temple with the butt of his .38. Maxson fell across the bed. Harry put the phone back on the hook.

"You bastards, you hurt him!" cried the blond. "You cheap, cowardly bastards!"

She was dressed in a light-green negligee. Harry walked around and broke one of the shoulder straps. He grabbed one of the woman's breasts and pulled it out. "Nice, ain't it?" he said to me. Then he slapped her across the face, hard.

"You address me with respect, whore!" Harry said. Then he walked around and sat Tom Maxson back up. "And you: I told you I don't play."

Maxson revived. "You've got the gun; that's all you've got."

"You fool. That's all I need. Now I'm gonna get some cooperation from you

and your whore or it's going to get worse."

"You cheap punk!" Maxson said.

"Just keep it up, keep it up. You'll see," said Harry.

"You think I'm afraid of a couple of cheap hoods?"

"If you're not, you ought to be."

"Who's your friend? What does he do?"

"He does what I tell him."

"Like what?"

"Like, Eddie, go kiss that blond!"

"Listen, you leave my wife out of this!"

"And if she screams, I put a bullet in your gut. I don't play. Go on, Eddie, kiss the blond—"

The blond was trying to hold up the broken shoulder strap with one hand. "No," she said, "please—"

"I'm sorry, lady, I gotta do what Harry tells me."

I grabbed her by the hair and got my lips on hers. She pushed against me, but she wasn't very strong. I'd never kissed a woman that beautiful before.

"All right, Eddie, that's enough."

I pulled away. I walked around and stood next to Harry. "Why, Eddie," he said, "what's that *thing* sticking out in front of you?"

I didn't answer.

"Look, Maxson," said Harry, "your wife gave my man a hard-on! How the hell are we supposed to get any work done around here? We came for cash and jewelry."

"You wise-ass punks make me sick. You're no better than maggots."

"And what have *you* got? The six o'clock news. What's so big about that? Political pull and an asshole public. Anybody can read the news. I *make* the news."

"You make the news? Like *what*? What can *you* do?"

"Any amount of numbers. Ah, let me think. How about, TV newscaster drinks burglar's piss? How's that sound to you?"

"I'd die first."

"You won't. Eddie, go get me a glass. There's one there on the nightstand. Bring me that."

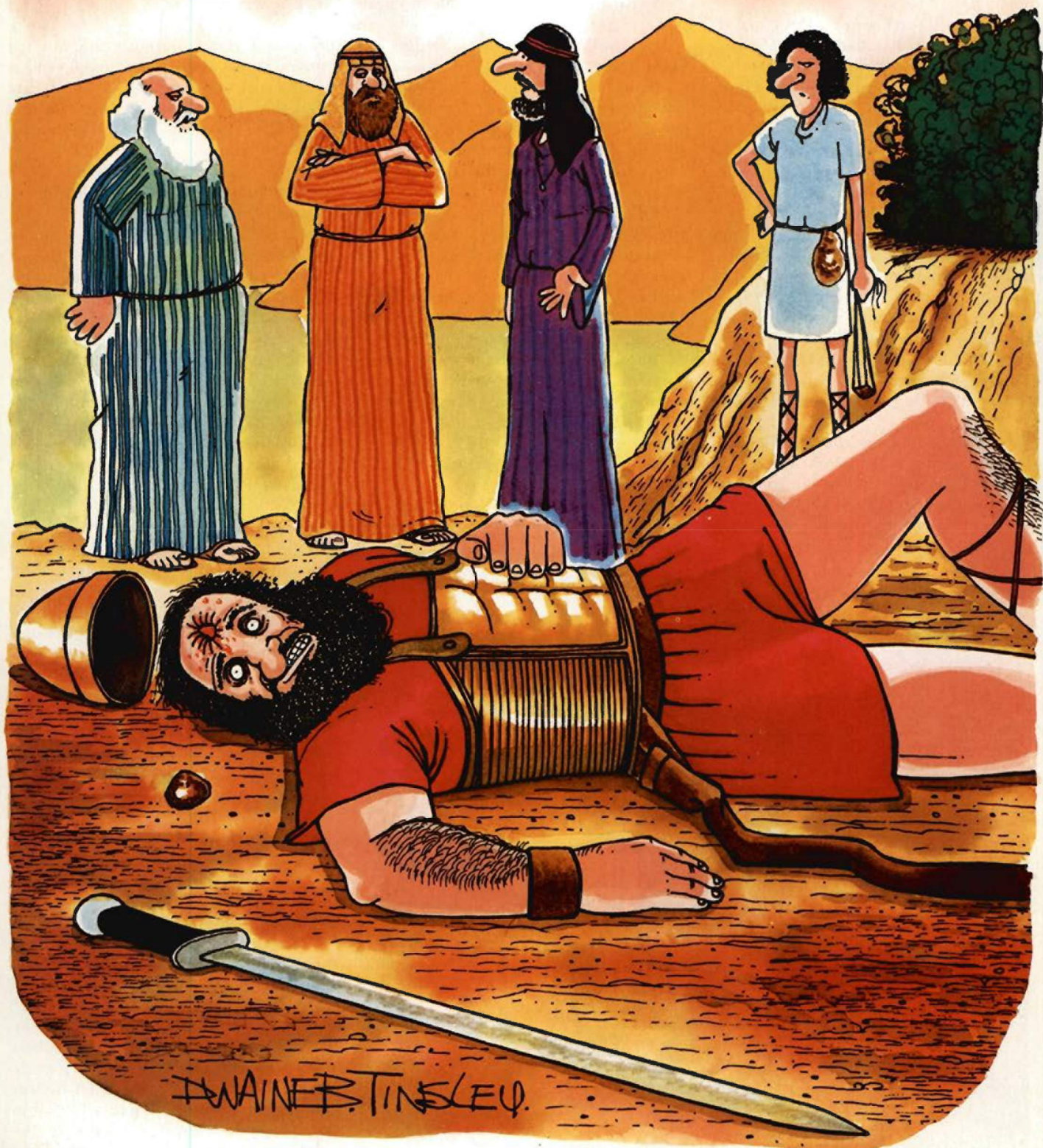
"Look," said the blond, "please take our money. Take our jewels. Just go away. What's the need for all this?"

"It's your loudmouthed, spoiled husband, lady. He's getting on my fucking nerves."

I brought Harry the glass, and he unzipped his pants and began to piss into it. It was a tall glass, but he filled it to the brim. Then he zipped up and moved toward Maxson.

"Now you're gonna drink my piss,





"Then we all agree—there was no conspiracy and, taking into account the trajectory of the rock, David acted alone."

Mr. Maxson."

"No way, bastard. I'd die first."

"You won't die. You'll drink my piss—all of it!"

"Never, punk!"

"Eddie," Harry nodded to me, "see that cigar on the dresser mantle?"

"Yeah."

"Get it. Light it. There's a lighter there."

I got the lighter and lit the cigar. It was a good one. I puffed on it. My best cigar. Never had anything like it.

"You like the cigar, Eddie?" Harry asked me.

"It's great, Harry."

"OK. Now you walk over to the whore and get that breast out from under the broken shoulder strap. Pull it out. I'm gonna hand this jerk-off this glass full of my piss. You hold that cigar next to the nipple of the lady's breast. And if this jerk-off doesn't drink all of this piss down to the very last drop, I want you to burn that nipple off with that cigar. Understand?"

I got it. I walked around and pulled out Mrs. Maxson's breast. I felt dizzy looking at it—never had I seen anything like that.

Harry handed Tom Maxson the glass of piss. Maxson looked over at his wife and tilted the glass and began to drink. The blond was trembling all over. It felt

so good to hold her breast. The yellow piss was going down the newscaster's throat. He stopped a moment at about the halfway mark. He looked sick.

"All of it," said Harry. "Go ahead; it's good to the last drop."

Maxson put the glass to his lips and drained the remainder. The glass fell from his hand.

"I still think you're a couple of cheap punks," gasped Maxson.

I was still standing there holding the blond's breast. She yanked it away.

"Tom," said the blond, "will you stop antagonizing these men? You're doing the most foolish thing possible!"

"Oh, playing the *winners*, eh? Is that why you married me? Because I was a winner?"

"Of course that's why she married you, asshole," said Harry. "Look at that fat gut on you. Did you think it was for your body?"

"I've got something," said Maxson. "That's why I'm Number One in news-casting. You don't do that on luck."

"But if she hadn't married Number One," said Harry, "she would have married Number Two."

"Don't listen to him, Tom," said the blond.

"It's all right," said Maxson, "I know you love me."

"Thank you, Daddy," said the blond.

"It's all right, Nana."

"Nana," said Harry. "I like that name. 'Nana.' That's class. Class and ass. That's what the rich get while we get the scrubwomen."

"Why don't you join the Communist Party?" asked Maxson.

"Man, I don't care to wait centuries for something that might not finally work. I want it now."

"Look, Harry," I said, "all we're doing is standing around and holding conversations with these people. That doesn't get us anything. I don't care what they think. Let's get the loot and split. The longer we stay, the sooner we draw the heat."

"Now, Eddie," he answered, "that's the first good bit of sense I've heard you speak in five or six years."

"I don't care," said Maxson. "You're just the weak feeding off of the strong. If I weren't here, you'd hardly exist. You remind me of people who go around assassinating political and spiritual leaders. It's the worst kind of cowardice; it's the easiest thing to do with the least talent available. It comes from hatred and envy; it comes from rancor and bitterness and ultimate stupidity; it comes from the lowest scale of the human ladder; it stinks and it reeks and it makes me ashamed to belong to the same tribe."

"Boy," said Harry, "that was some speech. Even piss can't stop your flow of bullshit. You're one spoiled turd. You realize how many people there are on this earth without a chance? Because of where and how they were born? Because they had no education? Because they never had anything and never will have and nobody gives a fuck, and you marry the best body you can find, your age be damned?"

"Take your loot and go," said Maxson. "All you bastards who never make it have some alibi."

"Oh, wait," said Harry, "everything counts. *We're making now*. You don't quite understand."

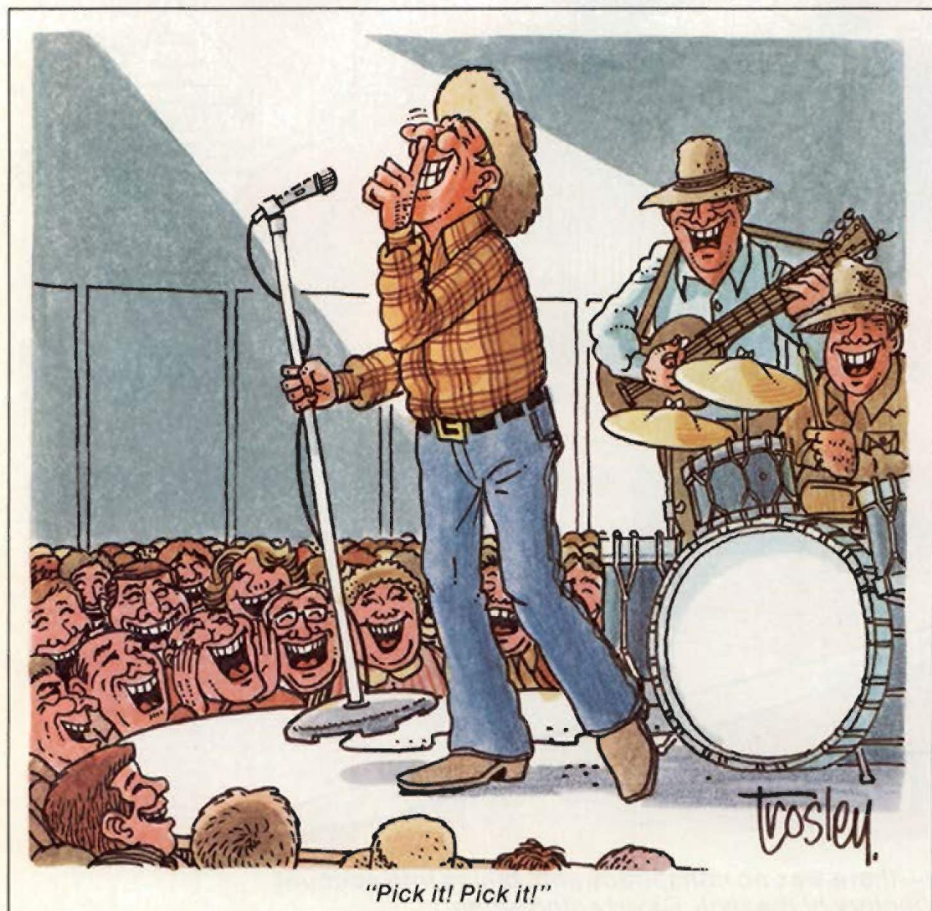
"Tom," said the blond, "just give them the money, the jewelry... let them go... please get off Channel 7."

"It's not Channel 7, Nana. It's letting them *know*. I've got to let them know."

"Eddie," said Harry, "check the bathroom. Bring back some adhesive tape."

I walked down the hall and found the bathroom. In the medicine cabinet was a wide roll of adhesive. Harry made me nervous. I never knew what he was going to do. I brought the tape back into the bedroom. Harry was yanking the phone cord out of the wall. "OK," he told me, "shut off Channel 7."

(continued on page 116)



BEAVER HUNT

All right, lambs and lions, it's March, the beginning of springtime. A young man's fancy turns to lovely labias, and a girl expects new life to start popping up all over. So this is your perfect chance to parlay spring fever into spring beaver. Pull up your dresses, gals, and drop your drawers. Hey, you guys, let the girls see those cocks. We'll pay \$50 for every color photo we select, and the best models will be chosen to pose for an extended photo-feature—and paid professional rates. And don't forget that we're still conducting our na-

tionwide search for the best *Beaver Hunt* couple: the Dynamite Duo. Keep 'em coming—the response has been good, but the more the merrier. All photos become the property of HUSTLER Magazine and are nonreturnable. Send all entries—male, female or couple—to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. Use the model release on page 94, or a facsimile including all the information requested.

Keep those entries coming.

Photo by Paiboon Luangon



Twenty-year-old Srinual (See-nwan) Chanpen of Bangkok, Thailand, is the sort of girl who could give someone a new slant on life. She's out to please, and says her fantasy is "to lift my boyfriend's sex life."

Oakland, California's Marguerite Kitsch, 26, is a grocery clerk with more than inventory on her mind. She says her hobbies are sex and sports, and she'd like to combine the two by "making love in an open-air arena with thousands of people cheering us on."



Photo by Patrick West

Photo by Ron Bailey



Terry Moore may be a 40-year-old housewife from Frankford, Delaware, but she thinks of herself as a spring chicken. When it comes to sex, she claims she can still keep up with the most imaginative stud.

Silky, 21, is a long-legged secretary from Houston, y'all, and she's crazy about long schlongs. She lists her fantasies as oral sex, making love outdoors and appearing nude in a sex magazine. Well, Silky, so much for one fantasy. How about the other two?



Photo by W. M.

Rachel, 26, seems to be a reflective individual. This Hartford, Connecticut, dynamo is looking for four guys to share in a horny orgy under a mirrored bed.



Photo by B. Star

Photo by Fred Shotwell



Mama T. R., 27, says she's the hottest thing to hit Memphis since Elvis. A self-admitted homebody, she cooks what her old man likes and does whatever he feels like doing.

Kathy is a Californian who's ready for almost anything, as long as she can do it in the sunshine, preferably nude. This 30-year-old lass says she'd love to star in a porn flick.



Photo by Rick Derrington

Photo by J. J. Sowa



Baring herself to crowds of men is a favorite pastime of Belinda Bear, a resident of the Milwaukee Zoo. Belinda says she loves to do it "doggy-style" in the great outdoors. Her favorite fantasy is to make love to the star of Grizzly Adams.

Photo by Stan Bent



Arlene Young
is a New Yorker
with a penchant for
gardening. She'd like to
roll in the hay while
three young men sow
wild oats in her patch.



Photo by S. Y. COX

Stan Bent and his girl Friday, Tracey
Jennings, are two North Hollywood
Californians who like to get naked and
pretend they're on a deserted island.
Our March *Beaver Hunt* couple say
they'd gladly fuck their
brains out in a porn movie.

Photo by Dave



Twenty-two-year-old Patty Guertin is a dancer from Hobart,
Indiana, who spends her spare time swimming, fishing and
hunting pheasant—in season, of course. Since action seems
to be her game, it follows that she'd "like to make it with
Paul Michael Glaser of *Starsky & Hutch*."



One for the Ladies

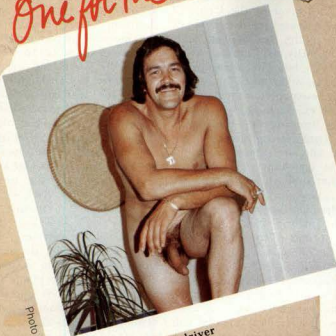


Photo by J. B.

Arty T. is a meat-truck driver from Baldwin Hills, New York. He says he'd like to drive his meat into two or more ladies at the same time. How he's going to go about that is a mystery to us, but he promised to give us a call as soon as he's figured it out.



Germany's Liz Strathmann, 29, is a fraulein who has an appetite for frankfurters. She likes three-way love—a girl in front of her and a man behind.



Photo by Karl Strathmann



Photo by R. G.

This Charlotte, North Carolina, Amazon is an exotic dancer who likes to dance and suck big cocks. P. J., 29, wants to take a cruise on a nudist ship with lots of men on board.

SUPREME COURT

(continued from page 46)

Judge Bazelon rejected the commission's argument that the ban on "dirty words" is necessary to prevent "the exposure of children to language which most parents regard as inappropriate for them to hear." Initially, he observed that the commission assumed incorrectly that communications regulatable for children can be banned from being broadcast.

If this were so, Judge Bazelon observed, adults with normal sleeping habits would be limited to programs "fit for children." Finally, the judge found "inherently boundless" the premise that the commission may censor material

found by parents to be objectionable for their children.

The United States Supreme Court, in a 5-4 decision, reversed the Court of Appeals and affirmed the commission's ruling. Justice John Paul Stevens, writing for the majority, held that television and radio enjoy less First Amendment protection than other media of expression, such as newspapers, magazines and motion pictures. Accordingly, he held that while nonobscene "indecent" expression is ordinarily protected by the free-speech and free-press provisions of the First Amendment, "indecent" words are not similarly protected *when broadcast*.

Justice Brennan filed a bitter dissent, accusing the majority of attempting to impose its notions of propriety on the whole of the American people. The Court's opinion, Justice Brennan stated, fails to recognize the interests of listeners who wish to hear broadcasts the commission deems offensive.

He assumed that most parents will approve the Court's desire to prevent "offensive" broadcasts from reaching the ears of unsupervised children. But, he noted, as surprising as it may be to individual members of the Court, some parents may actually find Carlin's unabashed attitudes toward the seven "dirty words" healthy, and deem it desirable to expose their children to the manner in which the comedian defused the taboo surrounding the words.

Such parents may constitute a minority of the American public, but the absence of great numbers willing to exercise the right to raise their children in this fashion does not alter the minority's right. "Only the Court's regrettable decision does that," Justice Brennan added. He would place the responsibility and the right to weed worthless and offensive communications from the public airwaves where it belongs: with a public free to choose those communications worthy of its attention, in a marketplace unsullied by the censor's hand.

Justice Brennan took special exception to the majority's observation that "there are few, if any, thoughts that cannot be expressed by the use of less offensive language." Words cannot surgically be separated from the ideas a person desires to express, he pointed out, and it is error to believe that one can forbid particular words without also running a substantial risk of suppressing ideas in the process.

In addition, Justice Brennan found the majority's opinion dangerous, lamentable and disturbing. It reflects, he said, a depressing inability to appreciate that in our land of cultural pluralism there are many who think, act and talk

differently from the members of the Supreme Court, and who do not share their fragile sensibilities. Only "an acute ethnocentric myopia," said Justice Brennan, "enables the Court to approve the censorship of communications solely because of the words they contain. The words the Court and the commission [FCC] find so unpalatable may be the stuff of everyday conversations in some, if not many, of the innumerable subcultures that comprise this nation." Brennan has a point: Research indicates that words elsewhere often considered obscene, such as *bullshit* and *fuck*, are considered neither obscene nor derogatory in the black vernacular.

The decision outlawing the "seven dirty words" will have its greatest impact on broadcasting designed to reach persons who do not share the Court's view as to which words or expressions are acceptable and who, for a variety of reasons (including a conscious desire to flout majoritarian conventions), express themselves by using words that may be regarded as offensive by those from different socioeconomic backgrounds. In this context, Justice Brennan concluded, "The Court's decision may be seen for what it really is: another of the dominant culture's inevitable efforts to force those groups who do not share its mores to conform to its way of thinking, acting and speaking."

Government Control of Private Sexual Activity Among Consenting Adults

As late as 1965 former Supreme Court Justice Arthur Goldberg was able to say, without contradiction, that it is the proper function of government to regulate sexual promiscuity or misconduct, such as adultery, homosexuality and oral and anal sex. By 1977 that view was under heavy attack. On June 9, 1977, Justice Brennan, writing the prevailing opinion in the *Carey* case, stated that the Supreme Court has not definitely answered the "difficult question" whether and to what extent the Constitution prohibits government from regulating private sexual activity among consenting adults.

Justice William Rehnquist disagreed, saying that while it was true that the Court had not ruled on every conceivable regulation affecting private sexual activity, it had "definitely" upheld, as applied to homosexuals, a Virginia law providing that if any person shall "carnally know any male or female person by the anus or by or with the mouth, or voluntarily submit to such carnal knowledge, he or she shall be guilty of a felony."

Justice Rehnquist was referring to the

HUSTLER

BEAVER HUNT MODEL RELEASE

Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send to us with your entry in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest (see page 89). Models should be shown totally nude. Faces must be visible in photos. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067

Model's Name _____

Address _____

Date of Birth _____

Phone (include area code) _____

Photographer _____

Occupation _____

Hobbies _____

Sexual Fantasies _____

Include separate sheet if necessary

Send prize to: _____

Model Other

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Model's Legal Signature _____



1976 *Doe* case, decided by the high court without full briefs or oral argument, without written opinion and over the dissent of Justices Thurgood Marshall, Brennan and Stevens. In *Doe*, Judge Albert V. Bryan, writing for the lower-court majority, emphasized that the statute known as the "Crime Against Nature" has an ancestry going back to Judaic and Christian codes.

The Supreme Court is still tiptoeing around the issue. On February 21, 1978, in the "Gay Lib" case, it refused to interfere with a lower-court ruling requiring the University of Missouri to afford a gay-lib organization campus recognition. Justice Rehnquist dissented, accusing the majority of shirking its responsibility by not taking and deciding the case. He said that he completely understood the Court's decision (although disagreeing with it), because "there is a natural tendency on the part of any conscientious court to avoid embroiling itself in a controversial area of social policy unless absolutely required to do so."

Although Justice Rehnquist did not explicitly state how he would have voted if the Court had taken the case, he all but embraced the university's argument that homosexuals are "akin to those suffering from measles" and should be "quarantined."

On May 15, 1978, in the *Enslin* case, the Supreme Court, with Justices Brennan and Marshall dissenting, let stand a lower-court decision permitting states to use sodomy laws to prosecute consenting adults for private homosexual acts. The case arose after a North Carolina police detective "set up" a massage-parlor operator, Eugene Enslin, by enlisting the cooperation of a marine stationed at nearby Camp LeJeune.

The detective, Sam Hudson, had testified: "This was a deliberate and planned attempt on my part . . . to set Mr. Enslin up so that I could prosecute him for homosexual conduct." According to the trial testimony the marine, at the officer's direction, approached Enslin at the parlor and told him he was looking for "extra excitement." With the marine's total cooperation, Enslin sucked the marine's cock, whereupon Enslin was arrested, tried and convicted—and served nine months in prison—for violation of North Carolina's sodomy law, which forbids crimes against nature "with mankind or beast."

The Religious Attack on the Supreme Court's Abortion Decision

One of the most explosive issues to hit the Supreme Court is abortion—that is, the right of women to decide for them-

selves whether or not to carry a pregnancy to term, without government interference. [See *Abortion: Mercy or Murder?*, HUSTLER, November 1978.] The issue was apparently decided in favor of women's right to privacy in the 1973 *Roe* case. Justice Harry A. Blackmun, speaking for the Court, said that the Constitution guarantees certain zones of privacy for the individual, including a woman's right to terminate an unwanted pregnancy.

Justice Douglas, concurring, stated that the right of privacy is the right to be let alone, embracing the individual's privilege to shape his own life as he thinks best, doing what and going where he pleases. Quoting a 1904 Supreme Court decision, Douglas explained that there is "a sphere within which the individual may assert the supremacy of his own will and rightfully dispute the authority of any human government—especially of any free government existing under a written constitution—to interfere with the exercise of that will."

The abortion decision was not kindly received by the National Conference of Catholic Bishops. On February 13, 1973, three weeks after the Supreme Court's decision, the bishops issued a pastoral message calling for disobedience against the Supreme Court decision. The bishops stated that "we reject this decision because if any government does not acknowledge the rights of man or violates them . . . its orders completely lack juridical force."

Having decided that the Court's decision was wrong and contrary to fundamental principles of morality, as understood by Catholics, the bishops asserted that the opinion of the Court was immoral and "in opposition to God's plan of creation and to divine law." Whenever a conflict arises between the law of God and any human law, the bishops asserted, "we are held to follow God's law." The bishops pledged themselves to bring about a reversal of the Court's decision. Recognizing that overthrowing the decision would require unified and persistent efforts, the bishops stated, "We must begin in our churches, schools and homes, as well as in the larger civic community." The bishops' statement signaled the birth of the pro-life movement.

Every time an abortion case comes before the Supreme Court, the "pro-life" advocates bombard the Court, seeking to influence it extrajudicially. The Court is similarly bombarded when it is called upon to decide obscenity cases.

Unhappily, the present Court appears to have bowed to the incessant and great pressures of the pro-life movement. In a


series of cases decided in 1977 the Court held that a state can refuse to pay for elective abortions—while continuing to pay for births and postnatal care—without offending poor women's Constitutionally protected right to an abortion.

Although the majority insisted that its decision was not a retreat from its 1973 decision, Justice Brennan remarked caustically that none could take that statement seriously. Justice Brennan found specious the Court's insistence that its ruling "places no obstacles—absolute or otherwise—in the pregnant woman's path to an abortion" since she is still at liberty to finance the abortion from private sources.

As a practical matter, Justice Brennan pointed out, many indigent women will feel they have no choice but to carry their pregnancies to term because the state will pay for the associated medical services, even though they would have chosen to have abortions if the state had also provided funds for that procedure.

This disparity in funding clearly operates to coerce indigent pregnant women to bear children they would otherwise choose not to have. And, just as clearly, this coercion can only operate on the poor, who are uniquely the victims of this form of financial pressure. "To sanction such a ruthless consequence," Justice Brennan stated, "inevitably resulting from a money hurdle erected by the state, would justify a latter-day Anatole France to add one more item to his ironic comment on the 'majestic equality' of the law: 'The law, in its majestic equality, forbids the rich as well as the poor to sleep under bridges, to beg in the streets and to steal bread.'"

The Court's decisions dealing with sex and obscenity have produced a variety of views among members of the Court unmatched in any other area of Constitutional adjudication. The justices are divided 5-4 in most of the cases, and their divergence in viewpoint is such that anyone who undertakes to examine the Court's decisions on sex and obscenity will find himself in utter bewilderment.

The ancient Greeks had the Oracle at Delphi. There Apollo spoke through his priestess, who would answer knotty questions put to her by going into a trance and giving a cryptic answer. Our final "oracle" for deciding difficult cases is the U.S. Supreme Court, which purports to interpret the words of our Constitution, not the will of the gods. To date, our oracle has given only confusing answers to the questions posed. It may be that the Court seems confused on the hot issues of sex and obscenity because it *is* confused. 

KINKY KORNER

by John Nichols

For the past five years I've been a merchant seaman. After two trips on a shuttle run from Rotterdam, Holland, to the Persian Gulf and back, my ship was rescheduled to head straight for New York City, then down the East Coast to the Gulf of Mexico and through the Panama Canal on to Hawaii and Singapore.

When we reached New York, a lot of crew members decided to sign off the ship. I decided to stay on; I had never been to the Far East. With a seven-hour layover until the ship sailed, I thought I'd spend some time in town.

Out of habit I went to Times Square, and by chance I ran into an old shipmate, Steve Mallory. He asked me what was going on. I told him that I had a few hours to kill before my ship left port and that I thought I might catch a movie and a few drinks and then return to the ship.

Steve told me of a prostitute he knew in Brooklyn, a displaced Vietnamese who had to get out of Nam when the getting was good. He suggested that instead of me running around Manhattan wasting my hard-earned money, I should go with him to this girl's apartment. So we took a downtown express train to Brooklyn.

I'm not too familiar with New York City's subway system, but I believe Steve took me to Brooklyn Heights, where after walking about eight blocks we reached a well-kept brownstone. "This is the place," he told me. We walked up the front stairs, and then he unlocked the door himself. We climbed the three flights up to the girl's apartment.

My friend knocked on the door; after a few seconds he knocked again, harder. When the door finally opened, I had the pleasure of looking at the most beautiful Oriental girl I'd ever seen. She was about five-five, with long jet-black hair and (from what I could see) a nice, firm set of tits. I was ready to go.

We stepped into the apartment. Steve

Kinky Korner is a column written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. HUSTLER pays \$100 on publication for eight-page, double-spaced (typed or neatly printed) manuscripts. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



ORIENTAL CUSTOM

whispered something to the girl, and they both disappeared into another room. I figured it would be awhile before they were through, but in only a few minutes our hostess reappeared, by herself.

She stood before me in a sheer see-through nightgown. Her tits were everything I had pictured—and more. She had a slim waist, a round, tight ass and legs that anyone with half a brain would walk to the Far East to get a look at. I was awestruck by her flawless features. As she stepped toward me, I could do little more than stare at her.

She knelt down in front of me and unlaced my boots, took them off and

then removed my socks. She moved up to my belt and undid it. I was going crazy. At that point all I wanted to do was rip my clothes off and jump on her, but I held back and decided to do it her way. She slipped my denims off as if they were made out of silk—softly and smoothly. My underpants were off before I even knew she was unbuttoning my shirt. And there I was—naked, sweating and with the biggest hard-on in Brooklyn.

The girl got up from her knees and in a few minutes came back with a basin of warm water and a clean washcloth. She told me to lie down on the couch. Then my Oriental princess slipped out of her nightgown and knelt down beside me.

She dipped the cloth in the basin and started to wash me gently, from the feet up. She used small, circular movements along my legs and groin. I closed my eyes and just lay there, wanting our moment together to never end. And when she softly washed my balls and iron-hard cock, I thought I'd come. It was incredible—a Far East bath in Brooklyn Heights.

She took the basin and washcloth back into the kitchen and, returning with a fresh towel, patted me dry. I couldn't wait any longer. I was about to make my move when she firmly cupped my balls into her right hand and kneaded them slowly. Again I decided to play it her way. I mean, if she wasn't in any rush, why should I be?

As the girl fondled my balls, she slipped her mouth over the top of my cock. For a long time she just rolled her tongue around the head while still squeezing my nuts. I was about to shoot my load when she took her sweet mouth off the head of my cock and started to lick the shaft. It seemed to me as though she were purposely delaying me from coming.

She licked down the shaft to my swollen sac, where she gently spread my thighs apart. As she sucked on my nuts,

she slowly stroked my now-aching hard-on. This girl was terrific! She had both my balls in her mouth and was rolling them around. I couldn't believe it.

After sucking on my balls awhile, she kissed and sucked her way back up to the tip of my cock. Then, instead of just rolling her tongue around the head again, she suddenly gave me a fast and furious blow job. I don't think I lasted more than 15 seconds. She sucked and jerked out every last drop of cum I had in me.

I mean, I was spent! The girl continued to lick and suck at my semihard dick, while I reached over and started to rub my hands over her exquisite tits. Her long nipples were as hard as diamonds. Soon she began to moan. This went on for a few minutes, until Steve walked into the room.

He was smiling, and without a word he started to take off his clothes. Like me, the Vietnamese girl was in her own world. Between her sucking on my cock and my giving her tits a good rubdown, I don't think she even noticed he was in the room. After he was completely stripped, he lay down on the floor and positioned his face between the girl's thighs and began to eat her out. She was giving me head, I was feeling her up,

and my friend was sucking the hell out of her—all simultaneously! Within a couple of minutes the three of us were in sort of a syncopated rhythm. I looked down toward Steve and could see the girl's juices all over his face. The exotic girl was moaning and wriggling her thighs and box all over his face.

All this time no one had said a word. It was as if we had rehearsed for a week and this was the actual performance. Finally, my friend pulled his face away from her cunt and said something like, "OK, it's time to switch," but it seemed that the girl didn't hear him. He literally had to drag her mouth off my cock.

Steve told me to sit up on the couch. I wondered what the hell he was up to, but everything was moving too quickly for me to ask too many questions. As I sat up straight on the couch, he turned the girl around to face him. He then lowered her wet, hot cunt over my hard cock, and she sat on my lap with my cock buried deep inside her.

My friend put a chair directly in front of her, grabbed her by the head with both his hands and slowly pulled her mouth down to his waiting cock. During this delicate operation she didn't miss one thrust onto my own cock; she was fucking me and giving my friend a blow


job. She looked like a see-saw. First her head would come up and her ass and cunt down, then her ass and cunt would move up and her head down, the whole time moving with the grace of a jungle animal.

After a few minutes she started to pump faster. It was obvious that she was on her way to one hell of an orgasm, and so were Steve and I. Her juices were all over my lap and the couch. When she stopped moving her ass, I opened my eyes to see her licking my friend's cum off the shaft of his cock and thighs. I shot what seemed like a quart of jism up into her hot love-box.

The girl was the first to move. She got off my lap, picked up her nightgown and walked into the kitchen. I looked over at my seafaring friend; he looked a little beat, but he also had the glow that comes from having had great sex. For the first time since the three of us started getting it on, I felt a bit shy about hanging out with another naked guy. I started to dress, but my buddy told me there was more to come—the girl was only washing up for round three. I told him that my ship was leaving soon and that I'd have to pass on it.

We both dressed in silence. Then the girl walked back into the living room and handed us each a bottle of beer. I couldn't believe it—all that great sex, and now refreshments! We sat around until it was time for me to leave. I motioned for Steve to meet me in the kitchen. I asked him how much I should pay the girl before we left. He smiled and said, "It's my treat." I'd heard about the "Brotherhood of the Sea," but this was truly incredible. I said good-bye to the Vietnamese girl, who smiled coyly, and I walked down the steps of the brownstone, feeling like a million bucks and change.

On the way to the subway station I thanked my friend for the fantastic experience and vowed to return the favor if the chance ever came around. He smiled and told me the pleasure was all his. He went on to tell me that he'd been sailing long enough to have been to Vietnam a few times (before the American forces evacuated)—and he also mentioned that the woman back in the brownstone was his wife! I'd been blown and fucked by this guy's old lady right in front of his eyes!

Outside the turnstile we shook hands and parted. And for the rest of my trip back to my ship (and, for that matter, all the way to the Far East), I dreamed about getting into every Oriental beauty I could get my hands on. 

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cave in our skull with a two-by-four.

"Now don't get me wrong," Benny adds. "I love karate, but it's important to separate martial arts—which is an 'art form,' just like dancing or painting—from fighting. Take *kata* [the study of form], for example, which is the most beautiful discipline imaginable. It's got nothing whatsoever to do with fighting. You get out on the street after training at most of these traditional schools, and you're gonna get your ass kicked. And then there's all that other shit—the so-called secret killing techniques, like the Palm of Death."

(The technique Benny is referring to is one by which a trained martial artist can cause massive internal injuries, or even kill an opponent, simply by touching him while sending negative vibrations to a designated area of the body.)

Inside the Urquidezes' school the rest of the brothers break up into fits of laughter at the mention of "Palm of Death." Ruben, a bulky ex-Army sergeant whose specialty is judo, seems to find the notion most amusing.

"Martial artists are really just a bunch of babies," Ruben says. "They always come in here and ask us the same stuff. Can a Kung-Fu man beat a karate man? Is judo better than aikido? Could a good boxer take a kickboxer? How would Benny do against Muhammad Ali? It's the same old stuff. Just like the old cowboy movies. Everyone wants to know who's the toughest, the meanest, the *baddest dude* in the world.

"As a result, we've got all these guys who've studied various styles of martial arts wanting to challenge us. We've had 'em all—Tae Kwon Do, Kung Fu, Shotokan, Tang Soo Do... you name it.

"The last one that came in was in full drag. Some Oriental guy, dressed in an all-black Kung-Fu outfit. He said he would take on our best fighter. Well, we put one of our beginning full-contact students out onto the mat with him, and the guy goes into this fancy stance of his, and he's making all sorts of noises and everything, and then *boom!*—our kid hits him with a left hook and knocks him out cold." Ruben laughs at the recollection.

If the brothers seem disrespectful, they're never scoffed at. Before full-contact existed they all competed in every noncontact tournament possible. "Sometimes we got disqualified for being overly aggressive," Benny recalls, "but it was just our style of training. None of us ever lost, and we've got closets stuffed with trophies, but you

know... we were poor. We needed dough, and when full-contact came in and there were some bucks to be made, it was just natural for us to get into it. That was a while back, and now full-contact is on its way to becoming recognized as a legitimate sport. It sure has come a long way from those days, I'll tell you that."

The days Benny is recalling were the days of the first full-contact tournaments. These bouts were essentially elimination matches in which fighters of every size fought one another until only two remained. You might have had 20 matches in one day. There were no weight divisions, no rules and no holds barred. People would leave the ring with crushed noses, broken limbs and teeth knocked out of their heads.

In the first public full-contact tournament, held in Hawaii in 1974, Benny kicked, spun and punched his way to the finals, in which he wound up facing a 6-3 opponent. Benny (who is 5-4 and weighs 145 pounds) knocked his 250-pound adversary out of the ring three times before putting him away for good in the second round.

"It was right then the rest of us knew it was Ben who would go on to be a champion," says Arnold. "We were all good, but he had something special."

Arnold's analysis is right on the money. Since Benny's gone pro, he's never lost a fight. His record to date stands at 45-0, and 40 of those wins were knockouts. But as important as his ring prowess is Benny's comprehension that fighting means more than just a barroom brawl. The fans want to be entertained. Upon discovering this, Benny promptly nicknamed himself "The Jet," and now ends every match with a victory double back flip, to the delight of the crowd.

The Jet's image is based on a combination of flashy moves—like the jumping and spinning kicks—and scientific, almost overly methodical, fighting methods. You seldom see Benny get mad inside the ring. Lately the brothers have taken to kidding him about his new good-guy image, calling him "Gentleman Benny." Part of the change in his demeanor is surely the result of experience. But there's a larger reason for the "new" Benny. Only those closest to him know it, but Benny is a born-again Christian.

"I don't like to say much about it," he says somewhat haltingly. "Talking about God turns people off. But there's no doubt about it—I've been saved. I was on the wrong path until I met the Lord. So when I say 'Thank God' after a fight, I really mean it. He deserves all the glory.

"People who know I'm a Christian always ask me how I can be a believer and then go in the ring and kick the shit out of somebody. But there's no discrepancy really. Everybody has their own interpretation of what being a Christian means. For me it's not a mental process—it's a feeling.

"I know that everytime I fight I'm delivering the Lord's message. I'm setting myself up as an example, especially for young kids. And it's hard—because those kids always want to believe you're some kind of superman. So I have a responsibility to let them know that I'm flesh and blood just like them. I have pain—just like them. But I'm a winner. When they see that, then they realize they can be winners too. For me that's the essence of my religion, and that's more valuable than all the talk in the world.

"Besides, it's made it easier to look upon fighting as a business as opposed to a personal confrontation. Both my opponent and myself are out there to do a job. After the fight we're friends. In the ring I have no friends."

Benny's professional attitude has paid off. He's averaging upwards of \$10,000 per fight, and his bouts have received television coverage on *Sports Spectacular* and *Wide World of Sports*. Additionally, he's just completed a documentary called "Kings of the Square Ring" with Muhammad Ali, and is about to star in his first dramatic film.

Recently he's become a national hero in Japan after destroying two of that country's top kickboxers. The Japanese love Benny's flashy style in comparison to the less flamboyant tactics of their own fighters. There's even a *Benny the Jet* comic book on the stands in Japan.

But success hasn't gone to Benny's head. The only real visible symbol of it is his brand-new Mercedes-Benz. In between fighting and filming, Benny spends his time with his wife, Sarah, and their infant daughter, Monique, in their modest two-bedroom apartment.

Still, whenever time allows, he—and the rest of the Urquidez brothers—dedicate their time to teaching martial arts to youngsters in the San Fernando Valley. Their latest effort is a government-funded project in which they're working with juvenile delinquents. Apparently, none of the brothers wants to forget the days when they roamed Valley streets as members of gangs with names like the Midnight Breed, the Lynchmen and the Group.

"We always used to fight," recalls Smiley Urquidez, the youngest of the brothers. "But it was Ben who got in more of them than anyone. He was little,

and people just used to pick on him.

"I remember one night when we went into Bob's Big Boy down on Van Nuys Boulevard. A lot of jocks used to hang out at that place, and of course we were sort of the greasers back then. Anyway, Ben and I were going in the front door, and this huge football player bumps into Ben. Ben says, 'Hey, man, don't you say excuse me?' Well, the guy turns around and takes a look at Benny and just sort of laughs and says, 'Fuck you, punk.' And Benny just gets that look on his face."

Smiley half-closes his eyes and curls his upper lip into a semblance of a sneer in imitation of his older brother.

"So then Ben says to the guy, 'Outside, man,' and I'll tell you... I was a little scared. I mean, that sucker was *big*. Anyway, we get out there and there's this big crowd forming, and I'm kind of checking it out to see how many guys I'm going to have to go for, when all of a sudden Benny just jumps up in the air and kicks the fucker square in the face. And the guy goes right down, *boom!*—just like that. I figured that was it, but Benny didn't stop there. He picked him up and just beat the holy shit out of the guy. I mean, that dude went to the hospital, man."

Smiley stops for a moment as if to col-

lect his thoughts. "Yeah, Benny had a pretty mean streak in those days. I felt kinda sorry for that guy, really. I mean, he was messed up bad. But now that Ben's gone pro, he doesn't get into those kinds of hassles anymore... he's calmed down I guess. He'll go out of his way to avoid a fight." A wistful look crosses Smiley's face, then he breaks into a huge grin. "Still, Benny's nobody to fuck with. I've seen him put away four, five guys with no problem. Yeah, brother Ben is one tough son of a bitch."

TOKYO, JAPAN—Downstairs, in the locker room of the Budokan Auditorium, Benny is looking unusually pensive. The deep-set eyes, which usually betray little or no emotion, look troubled.

Benny has made the trip to the Orient to head up a card that features U.S. full-contact fighters versus Japanese kickboxers. The reason for Benny's sullen expression is that in all four matches so far the kickboxers have thoroughly destroyed the Americans—handpicked for this trip and considered to be the best fighters in the U.S. And no matter how confident a fighter may be, that kind of blitz has got to put some sort of dent in his ego.

Benny's opponent for the main event is Kunimitsu Okao, Japan's kickboxing

champ and a noted killer in the ring. Okao issued a formal challenge to Benny, after having seen Urquidez—on his last trip here—knock out the number-one Japanese contender in 50 seconds of the first round. Okao has vowed that he'll put The Jet out of commission with "no problem."

As Benny sits on the dressing table, getting his final rubdown from Arnold, Tony Lopez, a young fighter from Tennessee, limps into the room. One of his eyes is completely closed, and blood gushes freely from his nose.

"Those bastards are tough," he says through swollen lips. "Their fuckin' legs feel like they're made out of iron. Man, I really wanted that win..." Lopez's voice trails off. He stands, staring vacantly off into space. Then he turns to Benny. "You've got to take Okao out, Ben. You've just got to."

Benny manages a smile as Lopez is led off to be tended to by the doctor.

The Budokan is one of Tokyo's largest indoor arenas, and on this evening its 15,000 seats are all occupied by screaming martial-arts fans. Fanatics is more like it. Kickboxing is Japan's most popular spectator sport. The normally reserved Orientals become unabashedly crazed on fight night, and they make no bones about the fact that they like their fights good and bloody. No technical knockouts for these folks.

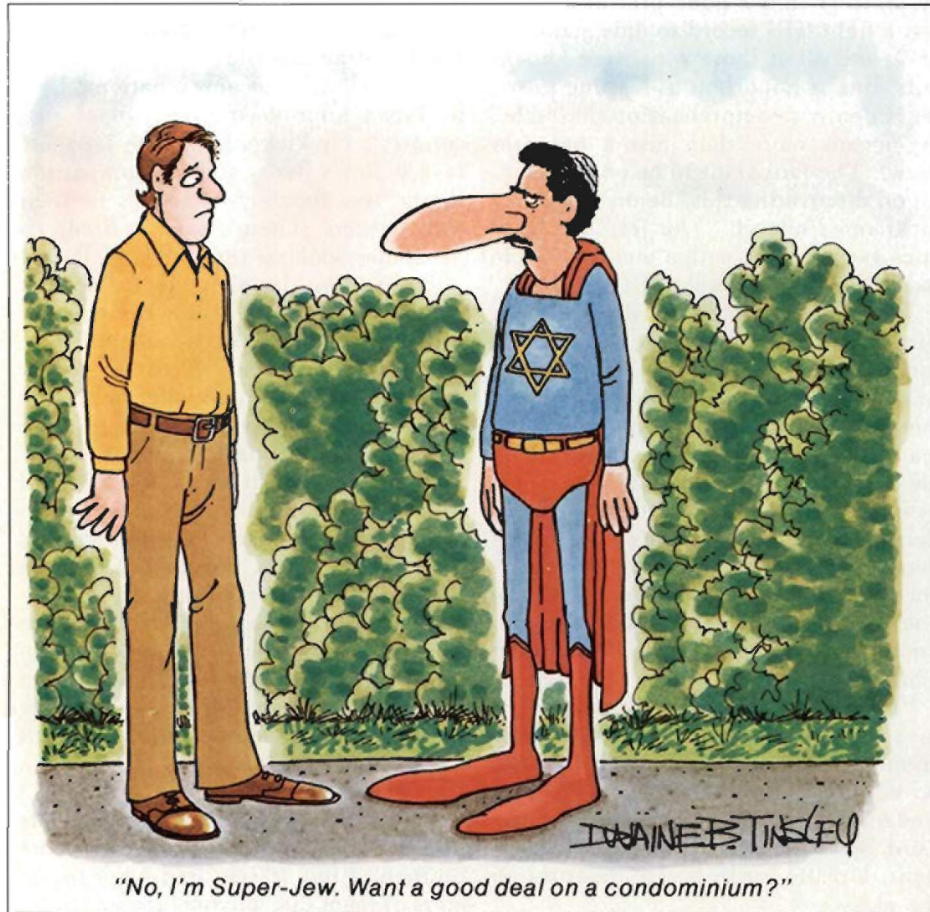
As Benny and Arnold climb through the ropes, a chant of "BEN-NEE, BEN-NEE" is taken up by a portion of the crowd. Though the Japanese are basically partisan, Benny has captured many of their hearts with his overwhelming wins over their two top fighters. Still, the real screaming erupts when Kunimitsu Okao enters the ring.

In contrast to his usual prefight antics, Benny sits soberly in his corner while Arnold continues to rub him down. Meanwhile, Okao parades around the ring—a huge grin plastered on his face. He accepts bouquet after bouquet of flowers from a kimonoed girl.

The ceremony carries on as a drawn-out speech is read by a bespectacled Japanese official. Though the crowd remains fairly quiet, you can feel the tension building up with every second that passes.

When the bell for round one finally rings, the arena becomes totally silent. Okao and Benny move out of their corners and begin to circle one another—Okao still grinning. Then, without warning, he lashes out with a hard kick that catches Benny behind the calf. The

(continued on page 105)



"No, I'm Super-Jew. Want a good deal on a condominium?"

Honey

AFTER THE HASSLES OF BEING RAPED, HONEY QUICKLY BOUNCES BACK TO RESUME A NORMAL EVERYDAY LIFE... WITH ONE LINGERING COMPLICATION.

TEXT: BRUCE NETHERCUT ART: BRIAN FORBES.



HER NEWFOUND ADMIRER
WAITS AROUND AFTER
CLOSING, AND HONEY
DOESN'T WASTE TIME
PLAYING HARD TO GET.

NAME'S VINNIE
BAMBINO. YOUSE AND
ME, I BET WE MOVE TO-
GETHER PRETTY GOOD.
LET'S GO SOMEPLACE.

WHY NOT?
I'M ALWAYS
LOOKING FOR
NEW PARTNERS.
MY DANCE
CARD'S EMPTY
ANYWAY.

WHERE
TO, MAC?

HEY, I
DIDN'T
HAIL YOU!

C'MON.
THEY NEVER
STOP WHEN
YOU WANT
THEM.

HOW
COME YOU
SIT LIKE THAT,
VINNIE?

BACK
PROBLEM. I
SLIPPED MY
DISCO.

HERE
WE ARE,
MAC.

CLUB
SATYRION

AY, VINNIE!
STICK IT IN
YOUR REAR!

COOL
IT, LANCE. I
GOT COMPANY
HERE.

THESE DAYS
YOU CAN'T BE
SURE ABOUT ANY-
BODY! BUT HE
PICKED ME UP!

LOVE
YOUR MAKE-
UP, FAB!

WHO
DOES YOUR
BUST?

BEFORE LONG HONEY IS LOOSE
AND HAVING FUN. VINNIE COMES
ALIVE ON THE DANCE FLOOR.

THIS SURE
BEATS PUSH-
ING CANS OF
PAINT AT THE
HARDWARE
STORE!

BO GI
YT S!

HONEY IS NO SLOUCH AS A DANCER
EITHER. SOON THE COUPLE IS
ATTRACTING PLENTY OF
ENVIOUS ATTENTION!

THEY'RE
ANOTHER
FRED AND
GINGER.

WHERE
DOES VINNIE
PICK UP DRAG
QUEENS LIKE
THAT?

LET'S GO
HOME. I CAN
GIVE YOU SOMETHING
THEY CAN'T, AND I
AIN'T TALKING
ABOUT A
FEVER!

AS THE TEMPO SLOWS
DOWN, HONEY HEATS
UP INTO A LOWDOWN
BUMP 'N' GRIND!
SHE HOPES VINNIE
IS GETTING
HER HOT
MESSAGE!

WELL, IF
YOU REALLY
WANT TO, BUT I
GOT A BIG
SECRET!

MORE THAN A WOMAN

HOW DEEP IS YOUR LOVE

UNDAUNTED BY HIS LUKEWARM EXCITEMENT, HONEY SETS OUT TO MAKE A CONVERT!

HERE WE ARE. A LITTLE BUBBLY AND THEN, A LITTLE RUBBLY! SOUND GOOD?

WOW! YOU'RE A REAL LADY!



THE SIGHT OF VINNIE'S FEARSOME, FOOT-LONG FLAGPOLE GETS HONEY GUSHING, LIKE NIAGARA FALLS!

NOW YOU KNOW HOW COME I GOT BACK PROBLEMS!

WELL, I'VE NEVER MET A CANDLE YET I COULDN'T HANDLE!!

FIRST HONEY TACKLES VINNIE'S MAMMOTH POLE WITH HER HUNGRY MOUTH!

WOW! I NEVER HAD ANYBODY DO IT THIS GOOD BEFORE!

I PRACTICE A LOT, DEEP-THROATING ROLLS OF SALAMI!!



AND THEN IT'S VOLCANO TIME! HONEY FEELS HERSELF ERUPTING INSIDE!!

YES! NO! NO!! NO! YES! YES!! ARRGGHHH!!

OH! NO! NO!!! YES! YES!! YES!!! I HOPE I DON'T GET STRETCH MARKS!

IT TAKES SOME EFFORT, BUT HONEY SOON STRADDLES VINNIE'S COCK! NOW IT'S FIRE-WORKS TIME!

AM I IN? IT AIN'T EVEN GOOD AND HARD YET.



ALL THE TENSIONS OF THE DAY—THE DANCING, THE CHAMPAGNE AND WILD LOVEMAKING—HAVE TAKEN THEIR TOLL ON HONEY. SUDDENLY SHE FEELS NAUSEATED.

HEY WAIT!
I AIN'T EVEN
COMED YET!

POINK!

GURGLE!
GURGLE!
GURGLE!

IN HER HASTE TO REACH THE
BATHROOM HONEY TAKES A TUMBLE—
WITH DISASTROUS RESULTS!

WHOOOP!

IN HER STOMACH SHE FEELS A SUDDEN,
PAINFUL REMINDER OF JUST WHAT SHE'S
TRYING TO FORGET WITH VINNIE!

YOU
DON'T HAVE
TO SCREAM. I'M
RIGHT HERE,
BABY.

VINNIE ISN'T AS DUMB AS HE LOOKS.
HE RUSHES HONEY TO THE
HOSPITAL... BUT IT'S TOO LATE
TO SAVE HER BABY!

I'M VERY
SORRY. WE
DID EVERYTHING
WE COULD, BUT
IT WAS TOO
LATE.

WELL,
THAT'S THE WAY
IT GOES, DOC!
EVERYTHING WORKS
ITSELF OUT IN
THE END, I
GUESS.

OH, MY
BABY! BABY!
MY BABY!!

WHOMP!!

HONEY FEELS A LOT OF CONFLICTING EMOTIONS
ABOUT HER MISCARRIAGE, BUT THE **BOTTOM** LINE
IS CONSIDERABLE **RELIEF**. HOWEVER, HONEY'S
RELIEF IS NOTHING COMPARED TO VINNIE'S!

A LITTLE THING LIKE A MISCARRIAGE ISN'T
GOING TO KEEP SOMEONE LIKE HONEY OUT
OF ACTION FOR LONG!

VINNIE,
THANKS!
I'M SORRY I
PUT YOU
THROUGH
SO MUCH.

I SHOULD
BE THANKING
YOU. MY **BACK**
HASN'T FELT
THIS **GOOD**
IN YEARS!

MMMM---
THERE'S NOTHING
LIKE **MOTHER'S**
MILK TO MAKE A
BOY GROW **BIG**
AND **HARD**!

WE'D BETTER
CONTINUE WITH
THE **THERAPY**
PROGRAM, SUGAR!
SLURP! SLURP!
SLURP!!

SLURP!
SLURP!!

BENNY URQUIDEZ

(continued from page 100)

loud *smack!* resounds through the arena. Before Benny can move, two more kicks find their mark on the same spot.

Okao is using the same tactic on Benny that has beaten the American's five stablemates—a low kick to the back of the leg, a blow that will eventually cripple a fighter if repeated often enough. It's a common kickboxing technique. The Japanese have learned to protect themselves from similar punishment by toughening their legs from childhood—kicking trees until eventually no pain is felt.

Benny begins to circle in the opposite direction when Okao's leg shoots out again, but this time the kick is high. It whacks Benny squarely on the temple, and for the first time in his career Urquidez is on the mat. The crowd goes berserk.

"Stay down there—take the eight count," Arnold yells from the corner. But Benny doesn't hear him through the screams, and jumps back up at the count of two, apparently unhurt. He begins bouncing up and down, but obviously Okao thinks he's got Ben going. He wades in, but suddenly Benny's right leg arcs up and *whap!*—he stings Okao with a whipping roundhouse, catching him just over the kidney. *Whap! Whap!* Two more hit Okao on the same spot, and as the Japanese goes to cover up, Benny moves in and nails him with three quick, short punches, all of which smash Okao flush on the jaw.

But Okao is tough. No longer grinning, he doesn't back off either. As Benny comes in, the Japanese grabs him around the shoulders and wrestles him into the ropes. Once Ben is against them, Okao throws a knee into the pit of his stomach.

"Dammit, get off those ropes!" roars Arnold. But the bell rings, ending the round. Walking back to his corner, Benny looks distraught.

In round two Okao is the aggressor again, but Benny is dancing, Ali-fashion, providing a more inaccessible target. Still, Okao continues to come at him in that straight-ahead style of his. But as he moves in, Benny suddenly whirls around and hits him in the midsection with a spinning back kick that doubles Okao up for a moment. Benny doesn't waste the opportunity. *Bap! Bap! Whap-bap-bap!* A lightning-fast punch combination sends Okao's head reeling back and forth, but *still* he gives no ground. He attempts a combination of his own, which Benny easily blocks. Then the

two slow the pace, circling one another again.

Now they're in the center of the ring, and Okao smashes the back of Benny's calf with another low kick. The sound causes the people sitting ringside to wince with the imagined pain. Okao stands there, as if to say "Come on." Benny throws a kick of his own to the identical spot on Okao's leg. Okao returns the kick—even harder this time. He seems angered that Benny doesn't seem to be affected by the kicks.

Then Okao lets go with another. Benny smashes him back. With every kick now the crowd is grunting. The grunts grow louder as the kicks get harder. There's no finesse left in the brutal tradeoff; now it's only a matter of seeing who can withstand the most pain. When the round finally ends, the crowd seems to breathe a collective sigh of relief. During the rest period both fighters refuse to sit down on their stools.

Between rounds Arnold yells feverishly at Benny, and in the third Ben comes out looking more determined than before. Okao walks straight for him, a snarl on his lips. He grabs Benny and begins banging away like a madman at the back of his calves again. Then he shoots another knee into Benny's gut.

Benny grimaces in pain, throwing a fleeting glance over at Arnold, as if to ask what to do. Benny has built a reputation as being a gentleman in the ring, but his opponent is using every trick in the book.

Benny starts to wrestle his way out of Okao's grasp when another knee catches him low—directly in the groin. Benny doubles up in agony, but when he raises his head this time, there's a different look on his face. For a moment his eyes seem to blaze.

As Okao comes after him again, Benny grabs the kickboxer's head, pulls it down and knees him in the face—once, twice, three times. When Okao pulls his head away, he's smashed in the nose with an elbow strike, and a spurt of blood shoots out. Then a whipping backfist sends the Japanese staggering sideways.

"That's it, bro!" yells Arnold. "Show him how to streetfight!"

Okao attempts a high kick, but his timing is off now, and he misses sorely. For a moment Benny appears to be backing off; then all of a sudden he whirls around in the air, striking Okao flush across the nose with the heel of his foot. Okao screams in pain as the bridge of his already-damaged nose is snapped in half. He stumbles backward, wobbly-legged, his hands covering his face.

Benny literally runs after his opponent. When he reaches him, he shoots a hard front kick into Okao's stomach, which sends the Japanese's head forward. As the head reaches waist level, Benny unleashes a vicious uppercut to the chin, and Okao begins to topple backward, blood streaming from his nose and mouth.

Urquidez stands stock-still for a moment, watching Okao wobble to the floor. Then, as if the descent were too slow for him, he lashes out with a snap kick to the side of the head, which sends Okao sprawling to the canvas. Once on the canvas, Okao doesn't move.

For a brief instant Benny is unable to hide his emotions, and a look of triumph passes across his face. Then the next second he's high in the air as he does the back flip to wild screaming from the audience. Arnold runs up, and the two hug each other.

The next second they're gone. Okao is carried out of the ring while his cornermen work frantically to wipe the blood off the mat. The kimonoed girl enters the ring and starts to parade around it, indicating that the fight is over. Yes, the most beautiful and awful of sports.

The fight crowd, anxious to get home, files out quickly. Only a few hard-core fans remain, hanging around outside the dressing room. Finally, after almost an hour, Benny and Arnold emerge through the door and begin making their way toward the exit. Benny looks dead-tired.


But the fans are insistent, and won't leave until they get his autograph. Benny, looking resigned to the task, begins signing their books one by one.

"You the toughest, you the toughest in the world," says a kid clutching a *Benny the Jet* comic in his hand. He thrusts his copy up at Benny. "You the toughest," he repeats.

Benny signs the book and hands it back to the kid, who turns and takes off running down the hallway. Benny glances over at his brother, and for a moment he looks almost sad. "Always the same—those kids," he says.

"That's just the name of the game," Arnold replies. "They need that. They've got to have some sort of hero to look up to." Benny doesn't respond.

"C'mon, champ," Arnold says. "Let's go back to the hotel and get some sleep." The two turn and walk toward the exit sign at the end of the hall.

Still, it's possible. It could be true. Who knows? Benny just might be the toughest . . . the meanest . . . yes, the *baddest dude* in the whole, wide world. 

Dictators

(continued from page 80)

foreign military men. Facilities offering similar training include the Armed Forces Staff College, the U.S. Air Force Air Command and Staff College, the U.S. Marine Corps Command and Staff College, the Air University, the Squadron Officer School, the Naval War College, the U.S. Naval Training Center and the U.S. Naval Intelligence School.

THE NATIONAL SERVICE ACADEMIES

Almost everyone is familiar with the national service academies: the U.S. Military Academy, the U.S. Naval Academy and the U.S. Air Force Academy at Colorado Springs. They all represent a long tradition of classroom education and military discipline, and it is undeniable that they've produced thousands of courageous and dedicated officers for the armed forces. They are considered the best institutions of their kind in the world and are among the most competitive institutions in which to be admitted.

A person cannot simply apply for admission to the service academies as he or she would apply to a civilian college. One must be nominated, either by one's congressman or senator, or by the Presi-

dent or Vice President of the United States. Each sponsor has a quota of places, and special consideration is given to the children of career service people, offspring of disabled or deceased veterans, and several other groups. Entrance requirements are designed to include only those with the right combination of academic and physical skills.

The academies' catalogs and information officers emphasize that foreign applicants are "selected by their home governments." Given the nature of many of the governments that send cadets to the academies, it is a safe bet to conclude that the military and political elite of Nicaragua, Chile, Brazil and Iran are not scouring teeming marketplaces and tumbledown shacks to find worthy youths. Nominees are from those families that have the right connections with their countries' foreign service, ruling families and, of course, military. The pattern is constantly repeated.

For example, the Alfaro family has wielded tremendous political and economic power in Panama and Ecuador since the late 19th century. Eloy Alfaro was a general and president of Ecuador around the turn of the century. Olmedo Alfaro, a relative from Panama, flunked out of West Point's Class of 1904, but nonetheless became

director of the Military School of Ecuador. Eloy's son, Colon Eloy Alfaro, was a member of West Point's Class of 1913. Even though he too was a wash-out, he eventually became Ecuador's special minister to Nicaragua, Colombia and the Dominican Republic, and was his country's ambassador to the U.S. (1936-44). At the same time, he controlled one of the largest shipping companies in Ecuador. All three of his sons went to West Point in the 1930s and 1940s, and they are now high on the ladders of corporate and government power. Eloy (West Point, Class of 1939) became president of the Alfaro Company of Panama and an aide to the president of Ecuador. Both his brothers serve as vice-presidents of the company. Their descendants are continuing the tradition: Fernando Alfaro and Olmedo Alfaro were graduated from West Point in 1972 and 1974, respectively. The U.S. Air Force Academy graduated Jamie Alfaro in 1974.

A 1963 graduate of West Point, Frank "Pancho" Kelly is the primary aide to Nicaragua's Tachito Somoza. According to *West Point: America's Power Fraternity*, by K. Bruce Galloway and Robert Bowie Johnson, Jr. (Simon and Schuster), Somoza and such lesser West Point grads as the Kellys "are the government" in that country. In 1975 another Nicaraguan Kelly—Lorenzo—received his West Point diploma.

Other notable West Point grads include Teodoro Picado, Jr. (1951), a former aide-de-camp to the chief of the Costa Rican State Police. When he lost his job in 1954, his fellow alumnus, Tachito Somoza, got him a job as the manager of a textile company in Nicaragua. Another graduate of the Point is Colonel Jose Joaquin Jimenez (1933), who led the Venezuelan army during the military rule of dictator Perez Jimenez from 1948 to 1958.

It is probably now apparent that the majority of foreign graduates of the academies are from Latin America. That is because a provision is written into U.S. Code, Title 10, stating that "not more than 20 persons at one time from Canada and the American Republics other than the United States" may receive instruction at each of the national service academies. That means 20 each for West Point, Annapolis and the Air Force Academy, with a limit of "not more than three persons from any one of those republics . . . at any one time."

Although there seem to be no specific legal provisions for cadets from additional countries, the rise and fall of various nations in U.S. favor can be dis-

(continued on page 115)





"You're a cold son of a bitch, Bascomb!"

MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK

Edited by Jim Dawson

We've broadened the scope of *Mail-Order Feedback* to include the lowdown on "straight" merchandise as well as on erotic goods. Suckers, as they say, are indeed born every minute, and it's this column's purpose to help you avoid being one. Write *HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. Besides bitching to us about your mail-order burns, we suggest you write your local Better Business Bureau or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

CONFIRMATION RACKET

Our Scumbag of the Month Award goes to the degenerate who operates out of Post Office Box 85311 in Hollywood, California 90072 under such names as *Movie Media*, *Dealer Liquidators*, *Cinema Ltd.*, etc. This asshole has already stirred up a flurry of complaints that threatens to snow us under here at the *M-O Feedback* desk. His accomplices at *Mailers Service* at 6255 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90028 (exposed in January's column) win the Muckbags of the Year Award for running a highly profitable confirmation-card racket.

The confirmation (or authorization) card is the perfect instrument for letting the dealer stall while milking you for extra bucks at the same time. It works like this: You send \$20 to a scam house like *Movie Media*, which offers 24 films during "the world's largest liquidation sale." This outfit then passes your order along to the cocksuckers at *Mailers Service*—which serves as a central mail drop for dozens of small companies.

A week or two later *Mailers Service* sends you a confirmation card for your signature and offers you an incentive for sending it back, such as a special bargain and a seven-day rush on your order if you send \$5 extra. Months later, after you've complained because your films still haven't arrived, *Mailers* will send a form letter telling you your card must have been lost in transit. Included with this letter will be a catalog from which you can order new films and deduct your previous losses up to 50 percent. So there you are, pouring more money into this sucker's game—and you haven't even received one frame of film yet!

By the time you get your merchandise—if you ever do receive it—you might ask yourself what these crooks have been doing with your money for the past five or six months. Most likely, they were using it to invest in future inventory or in real estate. Or maybe they used it to buy the products they had advertised in the first place, because they started out with empty shelves and waited for you to bankroll their operation. That sleazy practice is more common in the mail-order business than you might realize.

And while these financial phonies were high-rolling with your bucks, they used the confirmation card as a delaying trick to hold you off for a couple of months. They also tried to soak a few extra bucks out of you in the meantime by promising *speedier service* or *more bargains!* The worst part of all is that you—their friendly banker—didn't even get a dime's worth of interest on your money, and were overcharged for the junk you got.

One dealer we contacted tried to defend the confirmation or authorization card that asks for your signature under a printed confirmation that you're over 18 years old. He said the card prevents the Post Office from coming down on his operation for selling porn to a minor. The kid's signature protects the dealer, he insisted—and we agree.

But when we reminded this dealer that an ad coupon marked "I am 18 years old" or "I am of legal age" offers the same protection as a card, he countered with, "Yeah, but since it's usually the mother of the family who picks up the mail, this card gives her a chance to find out what her kid is up to. The card prevents the kid from being *corrupted!* Besides that, you guys charge an arm and a leg for the extra advertising space I'd need to include a coupon." His concern about "corrupting" children sounds about as legitimate as his business practices. When we reminded him that mailing all those confirmation cards must also cost an arm and a leg, he cut off our conversation.

This is not to say that some dealers do not use the confirmation card legitimately. For one reason or another a dealer may find it easier to keep tabs on his customers and update their addresses by mailing these cards. And the argument that it helps them comply with postal regulations forbidding sale to minors is not totally without merit.

Confirmation cards work purely to the mail-order dealer's advantage, not yours. About one in five customers fails to return the card altogether because he (1) doesn't receive it in the first place, (2) confuses it with junk mail and throws it away or (3) forgets to mail it back to the dealer. Thus, a shifty seller automatically turns 20 percent of his orders to 100-percent pure profit. If the customer later complains, the shifty asshole will simply tell him, "Hey, it's your fault, not mine. *You* didn't send the card back."

On your own behalf you might be wise to write to a dealer before you send in an order. Ask him if he uses confirmation cards and exactly how long it's going to take you to receive your merchandise. Many of the shifties won't even take the time to answer you—in which case you can save yourself some grief.

This practice pisses us off just as much as it does you, because despite our vigilance these creeps sometimes throw a curve to our

Advertising Department and bullshit us into accepting their ads for *HUSTLER's* pages. We don't like being dragged down to their level. Don't get us wrong. We're still willing to let new companies without track records advertise in *HUSTLER*—after all, they need exposure if they're going to build a good business—but from now on we're going to screen potential advertisers with the ever-watchful eye of a bloodhound.


PORN AGAIN

Film Collectors Association (P.O. Box H134, Inglewood, California 90306) is no longer on *HUSTLER's* Shifty Sellers list. After we received letters from F.C.A. customers who said they were getting *good* service, we tracked this company down and found that it was busy trying to catch up with old orders. A spokesman for Film Collectors explained that the secretary who handled all mail had been ripping off the company's orders and diverting them to another mail-order company she had been running on the side. Whenever letters of complaint—including ours—came into the office, she shit-canned them.

Now that we've established contact, we've been assured that Film Collectors Association will cooperate with *M-O Feedback* as much as possible. The firm has given us access to its private address and phone number, and has told us that their service is now shipshape. Here at *HUSTLER* we'll be anxious to hear from F.C.A.'s satisfied—or still disgruntled—customers. If you've been waiting for old merchandise from F.C.A., send the company a notice and include a copy of your check or money order.

F.C.A. is offering two movie series—*Tenill* (12 films) and *Erotica Unlimited* (six films). They're all in color, and available in regular and Super 8mm at \$15 each. Each flick is also available in Super 8 sound for \$25.

These flicks are standard loops: wham, bam, cum-shot, fade out. Quality varies from good to dim—several *Erotica Unlimited* films have a lighting problem. For instance, "Star Trick" (EU 17) is so murky we retitled it "The Coal Miner's Daughter Gets the Shaft." "Farrah's Hot Sister" (EU 22) could use a little more lighting too, but there's enough illumination to see Rhonda Jo Petty—the Farrah lookalike—being fucked by a black repairman.

The quality of the *Tenill* series is better, although one or two films seemed a trifle underdeveloped, or else the cameraman thought exposure meant taking your dick out. We particularly liked "Casting Couch" (T#10), with Serena, and "Private Dick" (T#16), featuring the greedy, expert cocksucking of Aunt Peg, the short-haired blond familiar to *Swedish Erotica* fans. 

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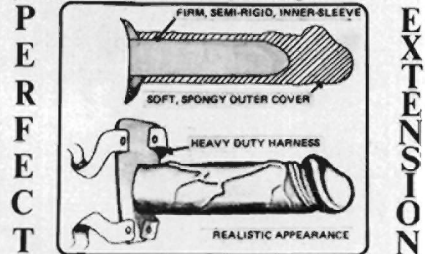
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DICTATORS

(continued from page 106)

cerned in the countries sending cadets. In all likelihood, "special arrangements" beyond Title 10 were made so that cadets from South Vietnam, Thailand, Laos and South Korea could attend the academies.

Another provision of Title 10 states that "a person receiving instruction under this section is entitled to the same pay, allowances and emoluments of a cadet from the United States." Cadets at the academies are not common college students, but rather members of the U.S. armed forces with the rank of cadet. They receive free tuition, room and board, and medical care, plus one-half the base pay of their future rank—second lieutenant, ensign, etc.—up to \$4,000 per year. This was provided to the Alfaro and Kellys, and probably to Tachito Somoza when he attended.

By means of Title 10 the academies are cemented securely into the staggeringly complex maze of Latin American politics. Argentina has had 12 governments since 1955, Peru 18 since 1930, Bolivia 23 since 1934. Heads of state are not merely unseated via election. A Latin American leader can leave office in one of many ways; military coup, resignation, assassination and suicide are among the more common.

In a part of the world where unstable governments, torture and the hulking shadow of the military are ever-present, we also find exclusive clubs—West Point societies—in which alumni raise their glasses to toast fellow alumni: controllers of national economies, commanders of national police forces, and army officers who have taken the government by force. Meanwhile, in prisons and police stations men and women are having their teeth kicked out, their fingernails ripped off and their bodies convulsed by electrodes shoved up their anuses. [See *Torture: You'll Tell Them Anything*, HUSTLER, May 1978.]

THE CIVILIAN MILITARY COLLEGES

The civilian military colleges are in a completely different class from the special training schools and the national service academies. Although many of their administrators and ROTC commanders are former Army, Navy and Air Force officers, these schools are under no official military control. Three of them are private institutions: Norwich University, Kemper Military School and College, and Valley Forge Military Junior College. The remainder are state schools: Virginia Military Institute

(VMI), Virginia Polytechnic Institute and State University, The Citadel, Texas A&M University and North Georgia College.

Students apply and are accepted in the same manner as at other colleges, but once in attendance they are organized into a cadet corps under constant military supervision. They are required to wear uniforms when on campus and live by the rules and standards that govern West Point, Annapolis and the Air Force Academy.

Like most other state and private colleges, these schools face the perennial problem of lack of money. Since the foreign students' families or home governments pay their way, and often add extra funds for special English-tutoring programs, the colleges can energize their fading bank accounts by accepting as many foreign nationals as possible. In some cases this has led to problems.

Iran, currently the largest buyer of U.S. arms, is the leader in this area. Selected young Iranian men are inducted into the Royal Iranian Navy and then sent to American schools on Iranian Navy money. The 1977-78 roster of cadets at VMI vividly tells the whole story: Belgium, one cadet; Norway, one; Iran, 36.

Norwich University, a small school in Vermont, had 88 Iranian Royal Navy midshipmen out of a total cadet corps of 1,333. Virtually one out of every 15 students is from Iran. Norwich also has cadets from Brazil, the Dominican Republic, Venezuela, Panama and Peru.

The Citadel—in Charleston, South Carolina—had 65 Iranians. When anti-Shah demonstrators protested the brutality of his regime by marching in front of the White House in November 1977, all 65 of The Citadel's Iranian cadets were flown to the nation's capital by the Iranian government to demonstrate in support of the Shah. After the ensuing punch-up, the Iranian government flew them back to school. The U.S. Justice Department says it is investigating the incident.

According to an article by Fen Montaigne in the *Charleston News & Courier* and also according to Colonel Roy E. Moss, formerly The Citadel's Navy ROTC commander, the Iranian cadets have caused extensive disruption and morale problems. Their English is poor, and they seem to have no desire to improve it; they flatly refuse to submit to the code of military discipline at the school; they "doze or doodle during exams, turning in a blank test booklet." One Citadel professor bluntly labeled many of the Iranians he had taught as "incompetent." Montaigne's article also

mentioned that "each Iranian cadet was receiving approximately \$1,100 spending money monthly from his government. Expensive cars... were purchased. Apartments were rented for weekend use." Colonel Moss managed to have the stipend cut to \$350 a month.

Montaigne wrote that South Carolina State Representative John D. Bradley charged "that South Carolina was giving 'direct foreign aid' to Iran by subsidizing the education of Persian cadets... [since] South Carolina, as it does with all out-of-state students, gives The Citadel \$2,400 per Iranian pupil."

Kemper Military School and College, a combination high school and junior college, logged 15 foreign students out of a total of 200. Former cadets have come from such "democracies" as Nicaragua, Colombia, Venezuela and Argentina.

Valley Forge Military Junior College, another combination high school/junior college, presents an interesting case. This is the alma mater of General Julio Morales, former military attache to the U.S. under Tachito Somoza. It is also the alma mater of Ramfis Trujillo, the late dictator's grandson. Of all the civilian military colleges contacted, Valley Forge was the only one that refused to cooperate in any way.

Valley Forge employs a gentleman by the name of Colonel Thomas Puyans. A reliable source stated that Puyans is an ex-officer from the army of Cuba's deposed dictator, Fulgencio Batista. The source also said that part of Colonel Puyans's job is recruiting the sons of powerful Latin American families for Valley Forge. When an attempt was made to reach the colonel by telephone, his secretary said he was on an "extended trip to South America."

One consequence of the continued U.S. training of foreign militia revealed itself in a dramatic way during a military insurrection in Guatemala in 1962. Some of the guerrillas fighting the military government were former regular army officers who had been trained at Fort Gulick (USARSA). We ended up having trained men on both sides. One of the rebel leaders, Turcios Lima, was a graduate of the Ranger School at Fort Benning. He said his U.S. training had been "very good."

Perhaps this war would never have occurred if we had not trained everyone the Guatemalans sent to us. And how many future wars—and their attendant horrors for innocent civilian populations—may yet occur because we pump streams of well-trained militia into the volatile armies of unstable nations?

BREAK-IN

(continued from page 88)

I got it. I taped his mouth good.
"Now the hands, the hands in back," said Harry.

He walked over to Nana, pulled out both of her breasts and looked at them. Then he spit in her face. She wiped it off with the bedsheet.

"OK," he said, "now this one. Get the mouth, but leave the hands loose. I like a little fight."

I fixed her up.
Harry got Tom Maxson turned on his side in his bed; he had him facing Nana.

He walked over and got one of Maxson's cigars and lit it. "I guess Maxson's right," said Harry. "We are the suckerfish. We are the maggots. We are the slime, and maybe the cowards."

He took a good pull on the cigar.

"It's yours, Eddie."
"Harry, I can't."

"You can. You don't know how. You've never been taught how. No education. I'm your teacher. She's yours. It's simple."

"You do it, Harry."

"No. She'll mean more to you."

"Why?"
"Because you're such a simple asshole."

I walked over to her bed. She was so

beautiful and I was so ugly I felt as if my whole body was smeared with a layer of shit.

"Go on," said Harry, "get it on, asshole."

"Harry, I'm scared. It's not right; she's not mine."

"She's yours."
"Why?"

"Look at it like a war. We won this war. We've killed all their machos, all their big-timers, all their heroes. There's nothing left but women and children. We kill the children and send the old women up the road. We are the conquering army. All that's left is their women. And the most beautiful woman of all is ours . . . is yours. She's helpless. Take her."

I walked up and pulled back the covers. It was as if I had died and was suddenly in heaven, and there was this magical creature in front of me. I took her negligee and ripped it completely off.

"Fuck her, Eddie!"

All the curves were absolutely where they were supposed to be. They were there and beyond. It was like beautiful skies; it was like beautiful rivers flowing. I just wanted to look. I was afraid. I stood there, this horn of a thing in front of me. I had no rights.

"Go ahead," said Harry. "Fuck her! She's the same as any other woman. She

plays games, tells lies. She'll be an old woman someday, and other young girls will replace her. She'll even die. Fuck her while she's still there!"

I pulled at her shoulders, trying to gather her to me. She had gotten strength from somewhere. She pushed against me, pulling her head back. She was completely repulsed.

"Listen, Nana, I really don't want to do this . . . but I do. I'm sorry. I don't know what to do. I want you and I'm ashamed."

She made a sound through the adhesive on her mouth and pushed against me. She was so beautiful. I didn't deserve that. Her eyes looked into mine. They said what I was thinking: I had no human right.

"Go ahead," said Harry, "slam it to her! She'll love it."

"I can't do it, Harry."

"All right," he said, "you watch Channel 7 then."

I walked over and sat next to Tom Maxson. We sat side-by-side on his bed. He was making small sounds through the adhesive. Harry walked over to the other bed. "All right, whore, I guess I'll have to impregnate you."

Nana leaped out of bed and ran toward the door. Harry caught her by the hair, spun her and slapped her hard across the face. She fell against the wall

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and slid down. Harry pulled her up by the hair and hit her again. Maxson made a louder sound through his adhesive and leaped up. He ran over and butted Harry with his head. Harry gave him a chop along the back of the neck, and Maxson dropped.

"Tape the hero's ankles," he told me. I bound Maxson's feet and shoved him onto his bed.

"Sit him up," said Harry. "I want him to watch."

"Look, Harry," I said, "let's get out of here. The longer we stay—"

"Shut up!"

Harry dragged the blond back to the bed. She still had on a pair of panties. He ripped them off and threw them at Maxson. The panties fell at his feet. Maxson moaned and began to struggle. I punched him a hard one, deep into the belly.

Harry took off his pants and under-shorts.

"Where," he said to the blond, "I'm gonna sink this thing deep into you and you're going to feel it and there's nothing you can do. You'll take all of it! And I'm going to cream deep inside of you!"

He had her on her back; she was still struggling. He hit her again, hard. Her head fell back. He spread her legs. He tried to work his cock in. He was having trouble.

"Loosen up, bitch; I know you want it! Lift your legs!"

He hit her hard, twice. The legs rose. "That's better, whore!"

Harry poked and poked. Finally, he penetrated. He moved it in and out, slowly.

Maxson began moaning and moving again. I sank another one into his belly.

Harry began to get up a rhythm. The blond groaned as if in pain.

"You like it, don't you, whore? It's better turkeyneck than your old man ever gave you, ain't it? Feel it growing?"

I couldn't stand it. I stood up, took out my cock and began masturbating.

Harry was ramming the blond so hard that her head was bouncing. Then he slapped her and pulled out.

"Not yet, whore. I'm taking my time."

He walked over to where Tom Maxson was sitting.

"Look at the SIZE of that thing! And I'm going to put it back into her now and come right inside her, Tommy boy! You'll never be able to make love to your Nana without thinking of me! Without thinking of THIS!"

Harry put his cock right into Maxson's face. "And I may have her suck me off after I'm finished!"

Then he turned, went back to the other bed and mounted the blond. He slapped her again and began pumping wildly.

"You cheap, stinking whore, I'm going to come!"

Then: "Oh, shit! OH, MY GOD! Oh, oh, oh!"

He fell down against Nana and lay there. After a moment he pulled out. Then he looked over at me. "Sure you don't want some?"

"No thanks, Harry."

Harry began to laugh. "Look at you, fool, you've whacked off!" Harry got back into his pants, laughing.

"All right," he said, "tape up her hands and ankles. We're gettin' out of here."

I walked over and taped her up.

"But, Harry, how about the money and jewels?"

"We'll take his wallet. I want to get out of here. I'm nervous."

"But, Harry, let's take it all."

"No," he said, "just the wallet. Check his trousers. Just take the money."

I found the wallet.

"There's only \$83 here, Harry."

"We take it and we leave. I'm nervous. I feel something in the air. We have to go."

"Shit, Harry, that's no haul! We can really clean them out!"

"I told you: I'm nervous. I feel trouble coming. You can stay. I'm leaving."

I followed him down the stairway.

"That son of a bitch will think twice before he insults anybody again," said Harry.

We found the window we had jimmied open and left the same way. We walked through the garden and out the iron gate.

"All right," said Harry, "we walk at a casual gait. Light a cigarette. Try to look normal."

"Why are you so nervous, Harry?"

"Shut up!"

We walked four blocks. The car was still there. Harry took the wheel and we drove off.

"Where we going?" I asked.

"The Guild Theater."

"What's playing?"

"*Black Silk Stockings*, with Annette Haven."

The place was down on Lankershim. We parked and got out. Harry bought the tickets. We walked in.

"Popcorn?" I asked Harry.

"No."

"I want some."

"Get it."

Harry waited until I got the popcorn, large. We found some seats near the back. We were in luck. The feature was just beginning.



"You're not gaining their respect, Miss Thompson."

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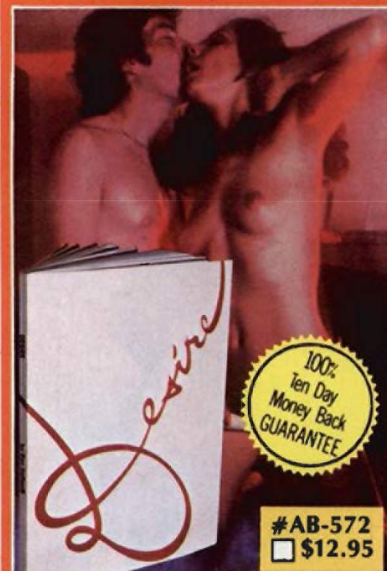
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April

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INTERVIEW: TED McILVENNA—A startling discussion with the Methodist minister who created one of the nation's first explicit sex-education programs and helped establish the degree-granting Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality. A must-read interview for anyone, no matter what road they've chosen. By Zbigniew Kindela and Michael Stott.



GETTING LAID IN THE MIDDLE EAST—In our continuing effort to probe the world's hot spots, we sent Frank Fortunato to Egypt and Israel to answer the question "Are women warmer on the other side of the fence?" Frank's analysis of Mideastern sex habits sheds new light on why that part of the world is a tinderbox.

PINK FLAMINGO—Julie was a hard-working bar-girl with a heart of gold—until she meets a gold-digging drifter with a stone in his chest. Fiction by Roberta Metz.

PHOTO-FEATURES—First, a center spread of a dance student with her teacher that is one of the sexiest two-girl sets ever photographed. You can bet your dancing shoes that the student learns more steps than she bargained for! Add to that a sleeping-beauty fantasy, top it off with one beautiful blond and you've got an Easter issue that will crack your eggs.



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